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# MAD

No.  
146  
Oct.  
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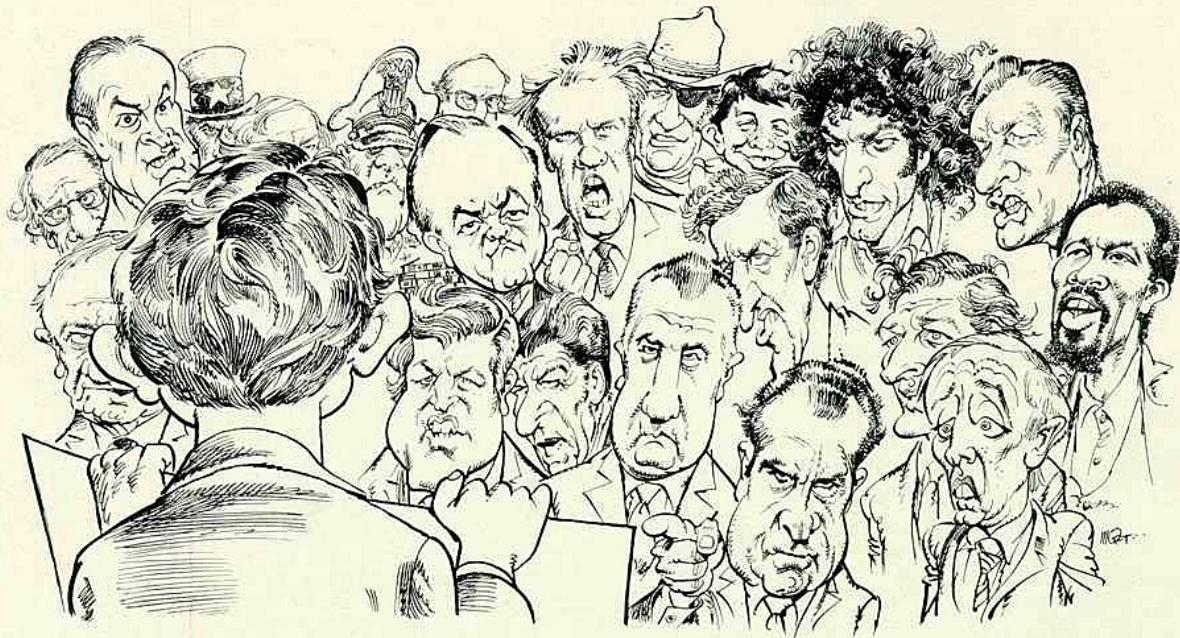
RELATIVELY  
CHEAP!



Norman Mingo

**IN THIS ISSUE, WE CONTAMINATE "LOVE STORY"**

# WHAT'S SO SHOCKING ABOUT THE 17" X 28" "MAD FLAG" POSTER?

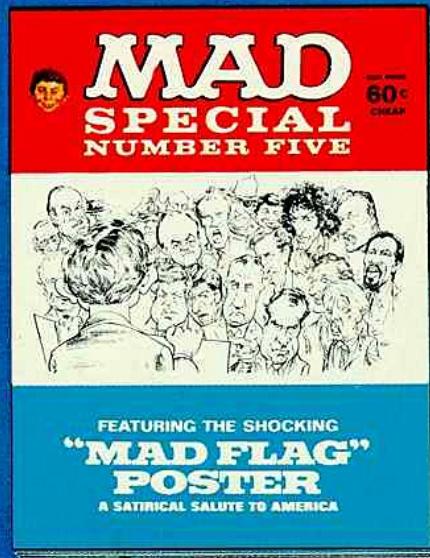


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# MAD

"Today, the game isn't 'Following The Leader'...  
it's 'Swallowing The Leader'!" —Alfred E. Neuman

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CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*  
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
*the usual gang of idiots*

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MAD—Oct. 1971, Vol. 1, No. 146 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: in the U.S.A., 13 issues \$5.00. Outside U.S.A., 13 issues \$6.25. Allow 10 weeks for changes of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1971 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.

Printed in U.S.A.

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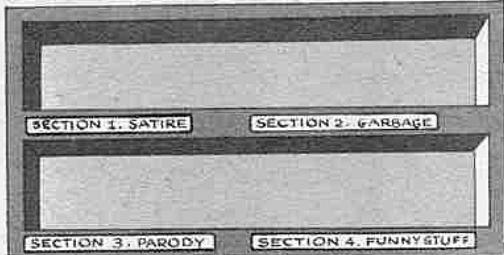
A MAD  
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## LETTERS DEPT.



"SHMOE"

Your movie satire of "Joe" is a smash! Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker ought to receive a medal for it, from Congress.

Bobby Baro  
Warren, N.J.

"Shmoe" was great! My Mom played Joe's wife in the picture but I still think your version was *better* than the movie.

James Callan  
New York, N.Y.

Mort Drucker never fails to amaze me with his caricatures of various personalities. "Shmoe" is perfect!

Alix Stanley  
Delaware, Ohio

Such snide remarks about our honorable Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew tend to corrupt the foundations of our firmly planted patriotism and undermine the efforts of our hard-working administration.

Yaral Legeis  
New York, N.Y.

Your satire on the movie "Joe" was so funny, I took a right-winger out to lunch.

Avram Steinhardt  
Livingston, N.J.

The article "Shmoe" was better dead than read.

Peter Heller  
White Plains, N.Y.

With trash like "Shmoe" in your issues, I guess I'll continue to be willing to shell out your "outrageous!" price.

John Williams  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

## MAD SURPRISE PARTY

After I had the good fortune to break bread with all the MAD-men during the recent surprise party for your Production wizard, Leonard Brenner, it occurred to me that readers might like to see what the various MAD-men look like at "play". Photos taken that evening, as well as drawings presented to Leonard, are included in issue #10 of the quarterly magazine, "CARTOONIST PROfiles," which I have the fun editing. Subscriptions, if you'll pardon the expression, are \$8.00 per year.

Jud Hurd, Editor  
"CARTOONIST PROfiles"  
P.O. Box 325  
Fairfield, Conn. 06430

## DOVE STORY

The enclosed picture is from the "Long Island Press" newspaper for May 9, 1971. It proves that our soldiers read MAD and take hints from Al Jaffee's clever "Hawks & Doves".

Harry Beshers  
Flushing, N.Y.

May I direct your attention to the enclosed from the "Pacific Stars and Stripes," May 11th. It seems the 101st Airborne Division has a Private Doves of its own. Incidentally, as an avid reader of MAD for around fifteen years, I'm *still* keeping the faith. The issues arrive a little late but they go fast. Over here, MAD returns me to the sanity of the *real world*.

1LT. James Calantropio  
Hue, South Vietnam



Apparently made by a U.S. Army bulldozer, the peace symbol stands out in the landscape near Camp Eagle, site of the 101st Airborne Division Headquarters in northern South Vietnam.

PHOTO BY WIDE WORLD

## INCREDIBLE OCCULT MAGAZINE

Your article, "Incredible Occult Magazine", shows how ridiculous the whole business of astrology is. It shows that anyone who can generalize can write an astrology book.

Robert Olmik  
El Paso, Texas

Congratulations to Frank Jacobs and George Woodbridge for livening up the spirits!

Andrew Rivera  
Bronx, N.Y.

The minute I read your "Incredible Occult Magazine" I tore up the book and burned it. But last Friday it came back and it's been haunting me ever since.

Richard Mullins  
Elkhart, Ind.

#### NON-SMOKERS HATE BOOK

Al Jaffee's "Non-Smokers Hate Book" is very true. Next time, he might add a good one to benefit *non-smoking* GI's who have to pick up other GI's butts while policing the area.

Sp/y Eugene Wagstaff  
Fort Ord, Calif.

It brought to mind all the things that smokers do to me. Do you know a place where I can get loaded cigarettes?

David Lynch  
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Being a confirmed non-smoker, I have suffered almost all the abuses cited by Mr. Jaffee. A salute to him and no butts about it!

Warren Goldfein  
Elizabeth, N.J.

Even if they managed to clean up the air pollution in this country, the idiots who smoke wouldn't know the difference. You really gave them a lung-full!

Clinton Bennett  
Tulsa, Okla.

#### THE MORNING DELIVERY

Congratulations to Max Brandel and Irving Schild on "The Morning Delivery". They really told it like it may become . . .

Jeff Goldberger  
Randallstown, Md.

I loved the back cover, "A Scene We'd Hate To See," but shouldn't the subtitle read: "The Mourning Delivery" . . . ?

Gail Morse,  
Bergenfield, N.J.

Regarding your "Morning Delivery", pretty smart on your part to have a newspaper in the pic instead of the biggest polluter of them all . . . MAD!

K. Vasudevan  
Gainesville, Fla.

Those bottles on the doorstep (labeled Uncontaminated Milk, Clean Air, Pure Water) look like grim headstones for humanity. When will we wise up? Everybody talks about lousy water, especially when they're pouring good scotch into it.

Hames Ware  
Pine Bluff, Ark.

#### MAD IS JUST FAIR

You have gratified many readers like me because you make fun of the people on both sides of any situation, the young, the old, the ambitious, the lazy, the pompous, the humble, the bombastic and the simple. I believe that your fairness in reducing all the victims of your satire to animate rhubarb has helped your magazine to thrive.

Bill Libby  
Princeton, N.J.

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Yep, shipping out these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or training puppies—is the work of Art Fleggle, our stock room boy! Unfortunately, Art hasn't worked since we hired him! So put Art to work! Order your portraits! Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to MAD, 485 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

**WORK  
OF ART!**



What can you say about a movie that actually shows two modern-day people involved with each other? You might say, "That's strange!"

What can you say about a movie that not only shows two people involved with each other, but also in love? You might say, "That's unusual!"

# LOVE

## THE OLD BAWL GAME DEPT.

Hi! I'm Oscar Wallet IV! I'm incredibly rich, fantastically handsome, a superb hockey player, and perhaps the best kisser in Harvard . . . give or take a lip!

Get lost, Pee-Pee!!

No . . . you mean "PREPPIE"! Pee-Pee is a form of childish vulgarity!

BULL\$#!\*! Now, get lost, you @%\$#!\* @#\$%&\*!

Hmm! I guess you DID mean Pee-Pee!

Look, you're annoying me! Please . . . get the hell out of here!!

Why should I? My family OWNS this Library!

I'll call the Police!!

We own the Police, too! Also the School . . . and the whole State!!

The whole STATE??!

Yep! It's in my Mother's name! Perhaps you've heard of her . . . the former Martha Ann Massachusetts?! But, that's nothing! Wait till I tell you about my REALLY RICH UNCLE!! You'll never believe what HE owns! Ever hear of Irving America . . . ?



Well, then what do you say about a movie that, in this day and age, not only shows two people involved with each other and in love, but also of different sexes? You might say, "That's sick!"

Okay, but please bear with me! Get out 25 boxes of Kleenex and be prepared to cry your eyes out! You see, this is a... sob... gulp... choke...

# R'S STORY

I really don't want to hear about your &c%\$#@\* family! So get lost!

Can't you see I'm crazy about you?

But I'm not beautiful, I've got crooked teeth, and I sneer and smirk a lot! So tell me, you &c%\$#@!—Why the hell are you crazy about me?

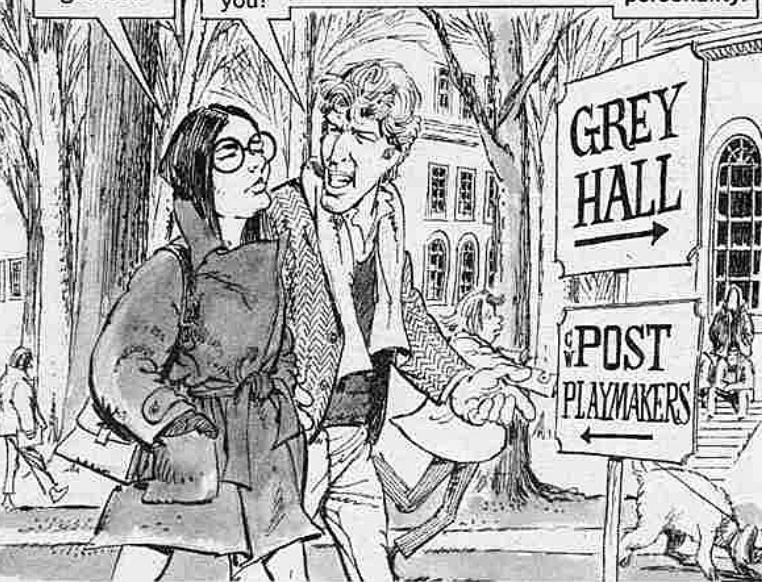
Listen... looks aren't everything! Maybe it's your sweet, innocent personality!

Come on! Level with me! What do you REALLY like about me?

Okay! I believe in frank, open sex talk with girls—so here goes! I think you've got the biggest pair of—sigh—glasses on campus! There! I said it!

That's important to you??

What do I know! My parents ignored me so I had to learn the facts of life on the street corner! And there was an Optician's Shop on our street corner!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Penny, I love you! Say you love me, too!

But don't you see? It could never be! We're from different worlds! I'm poor—and you're rich! I'm part Italian, part Armenian, part Eskimo—and you're a Wasp! I'm a student—and you're a hooky player!

Hold it! I'm not a "hooky" player! I'm a HOCKEY player! It's a game played on ice with skates and sticks! Didn't you know that?

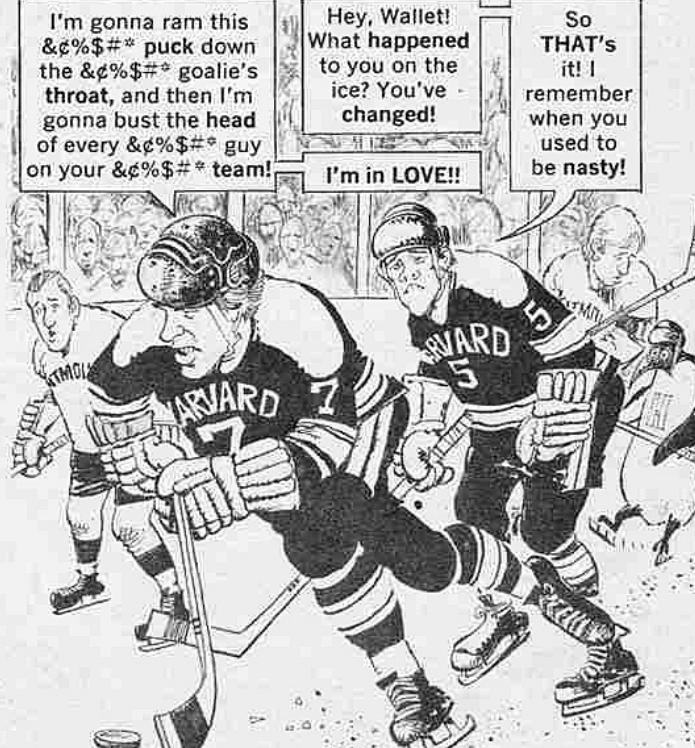
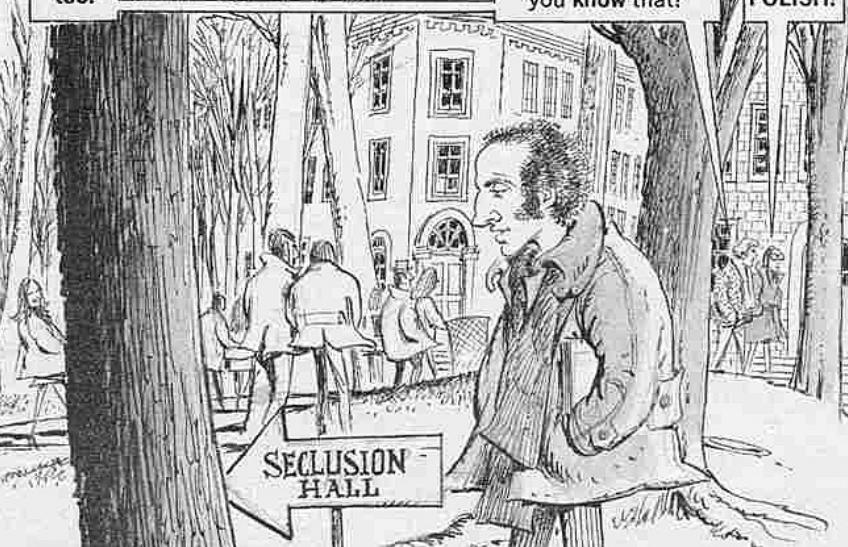
I forgot to tell you! I'm also part POLISH!

I'm gonna ram this &c%\$#@ puck down the &c%\$#@ goalie's throat, and then I'm gonna bust the head of every &c%\$#@ guy on your &c%\$#@ team!

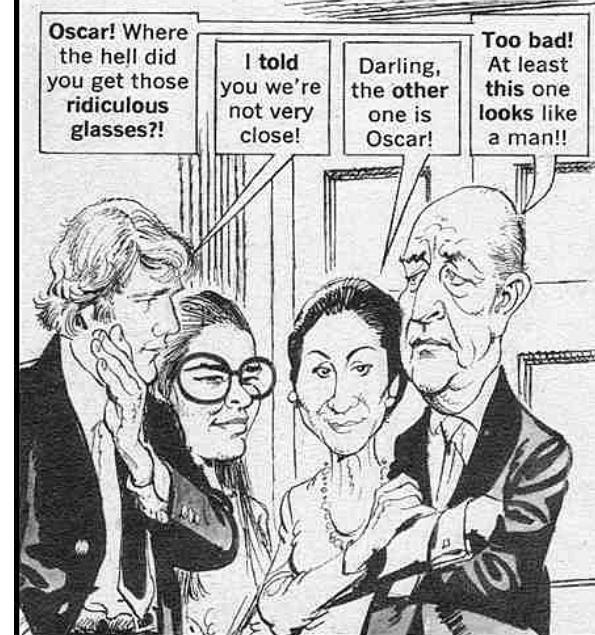
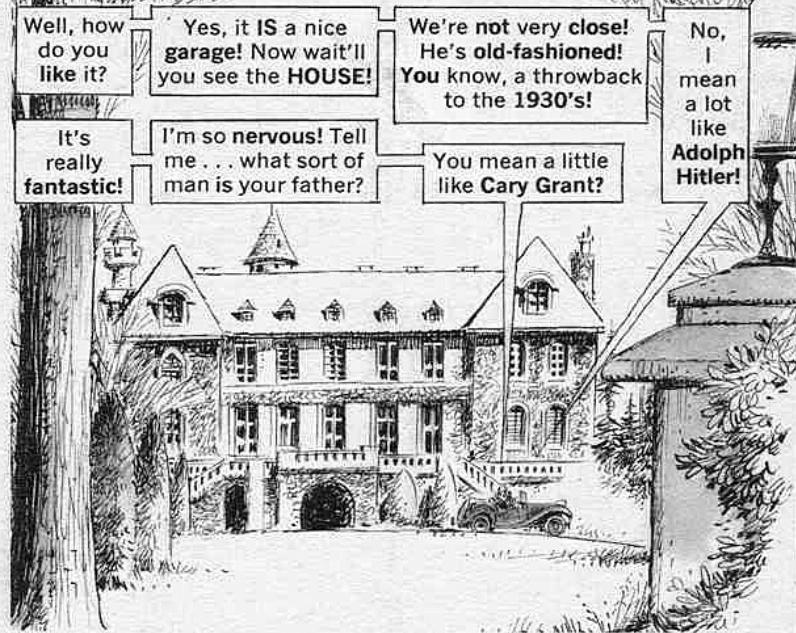
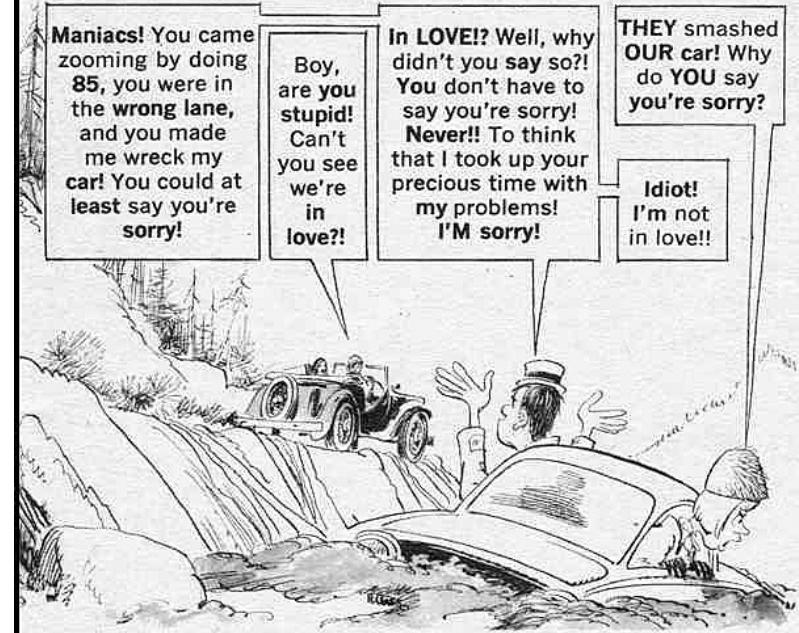
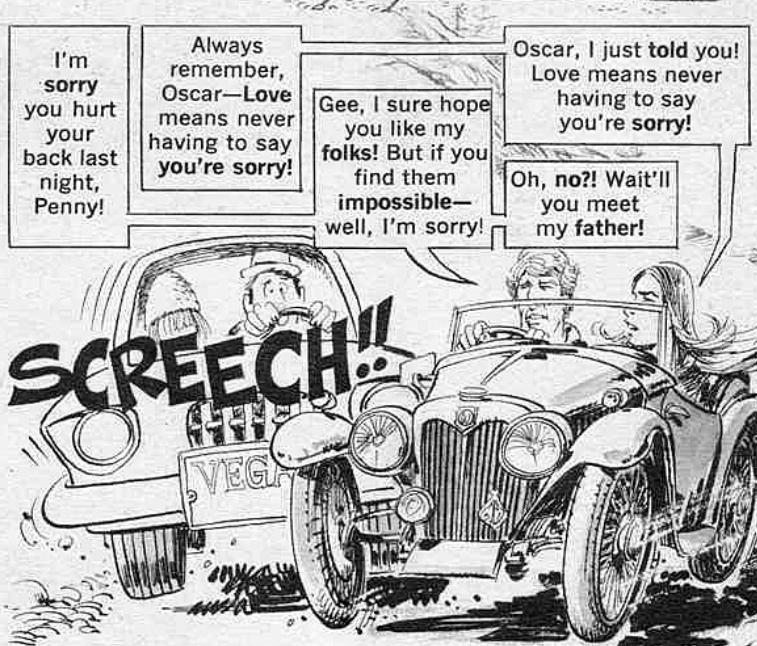
Hey, Wallet! What happened to you on the ice? You've changed!

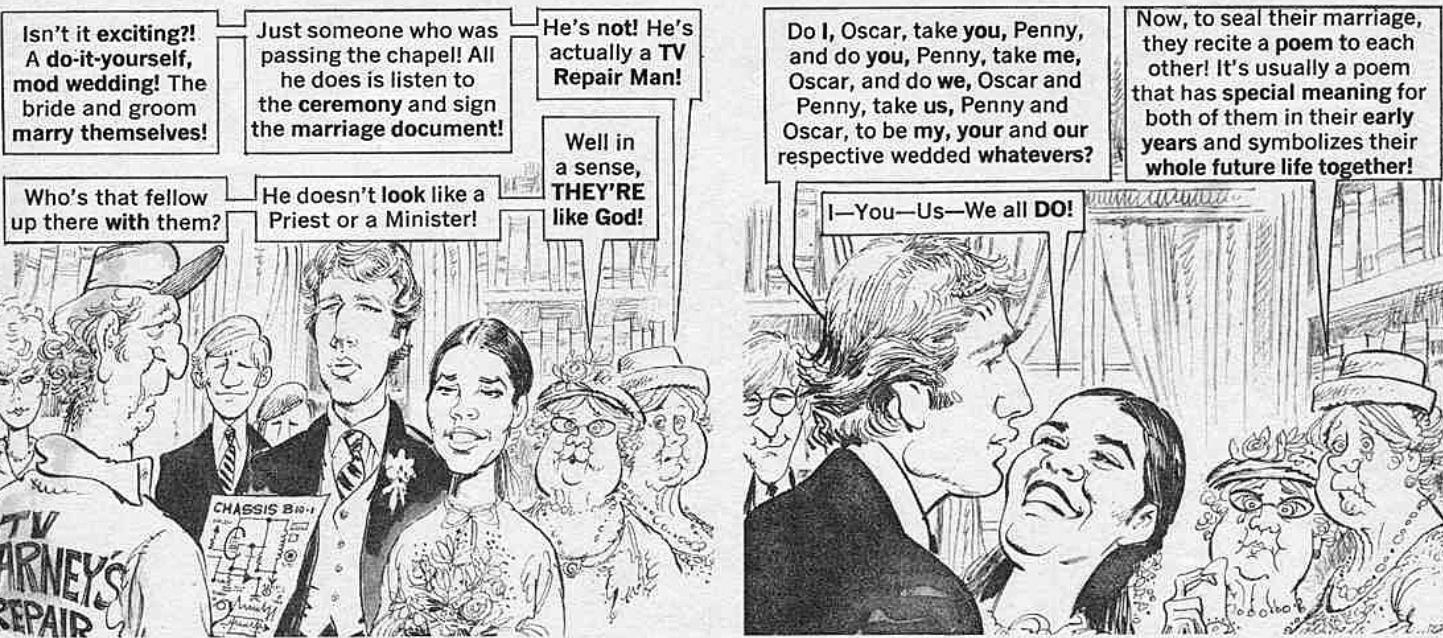
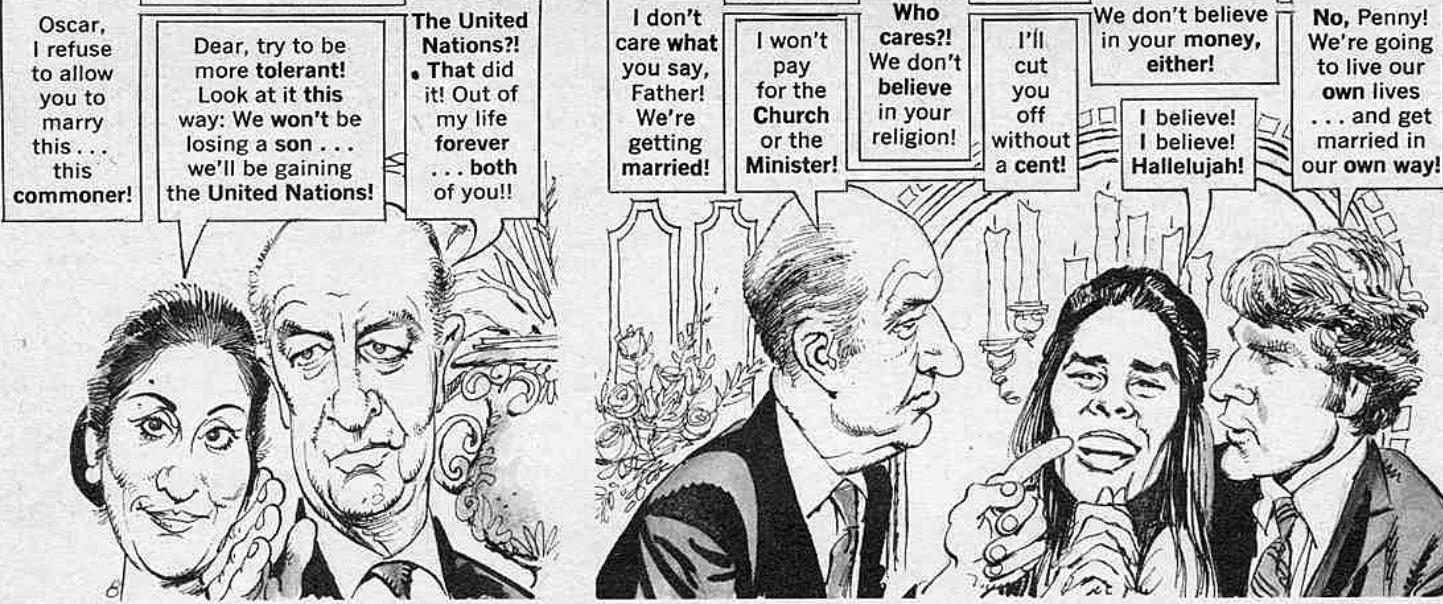
I'm in LOVE!!

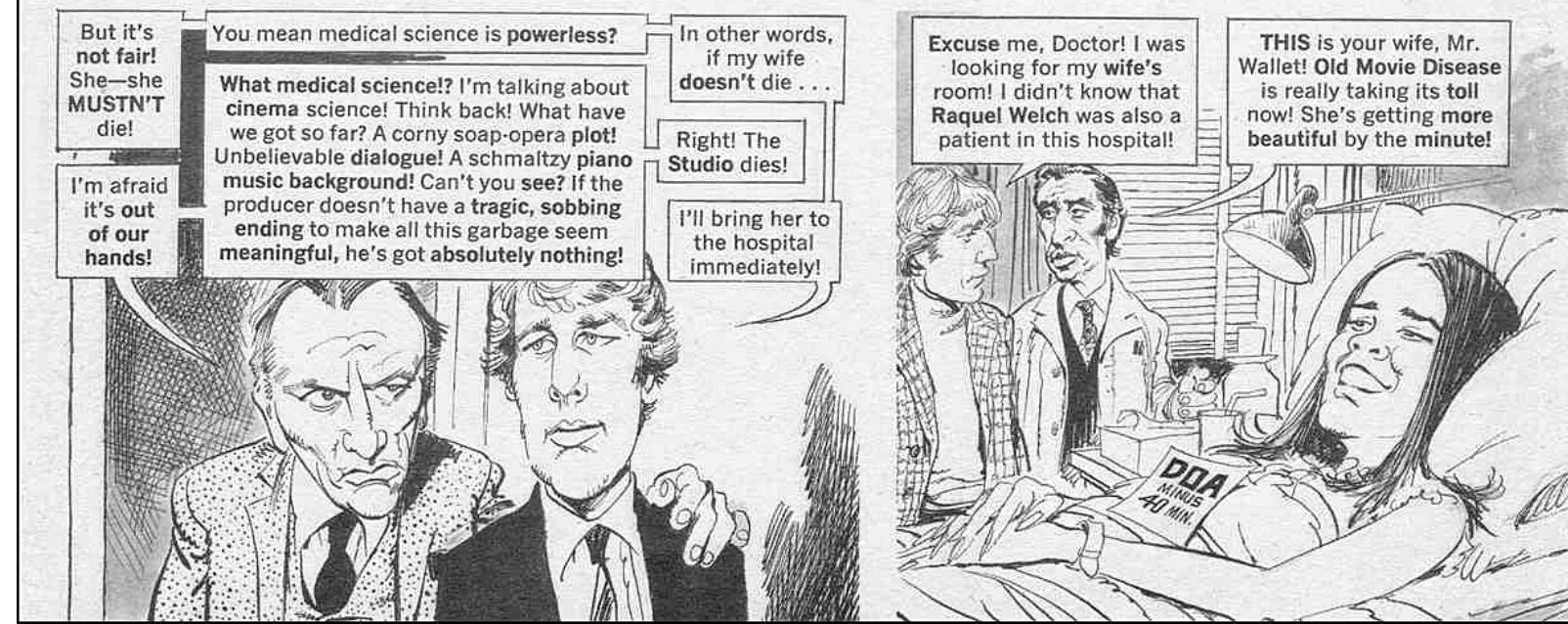
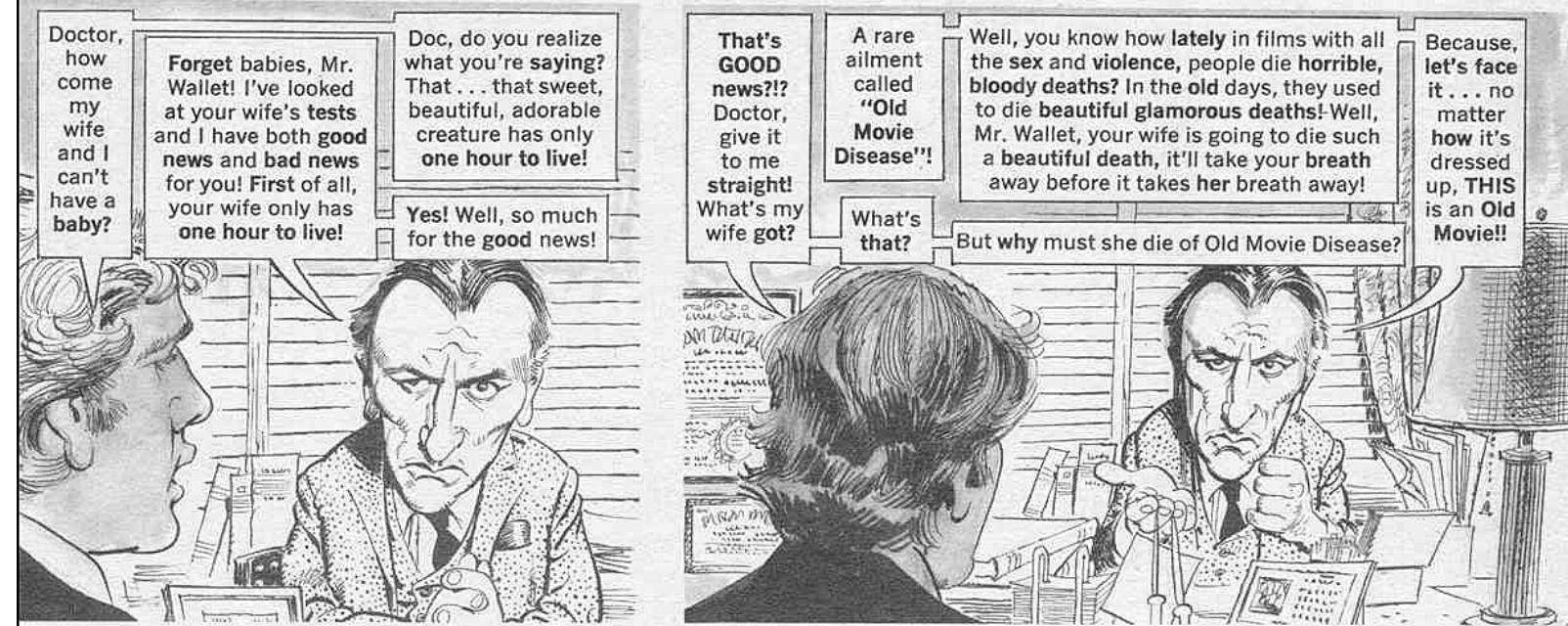
So THAT's it! I remember when you used to be nasty!











Can I speak to her!

Yes, but pretend there's nothing the matter! Above all, don't let her know she now has only a half hour to live!

The doctor says you're going to be—gulp—fine, honey! He says you're going to live a—choke—long, full life!

I'm glad! Darling, would you please put the TV set on for me?

Good idea! You can watch your favorite CBS program . . .

"Thirty Minutes"!

No, silly! You have the title all wrong! I'm going to watch "Sixty Minutes"!

Trust me!

Look, Doc! The color is coming back to her cheeks, the mascara's coming back to her eyes, her bust-line has grown four inches, and all of her teeth are suddenly straight!

Poor kid! She's sinking fast!



Doctor! Doctor! Is she—?

I'm afraid she's gone!

But according to my watch, she should've lasted another ten minutes!

Medicine isn't perfect, Mr. Wallet! I'm sorry!

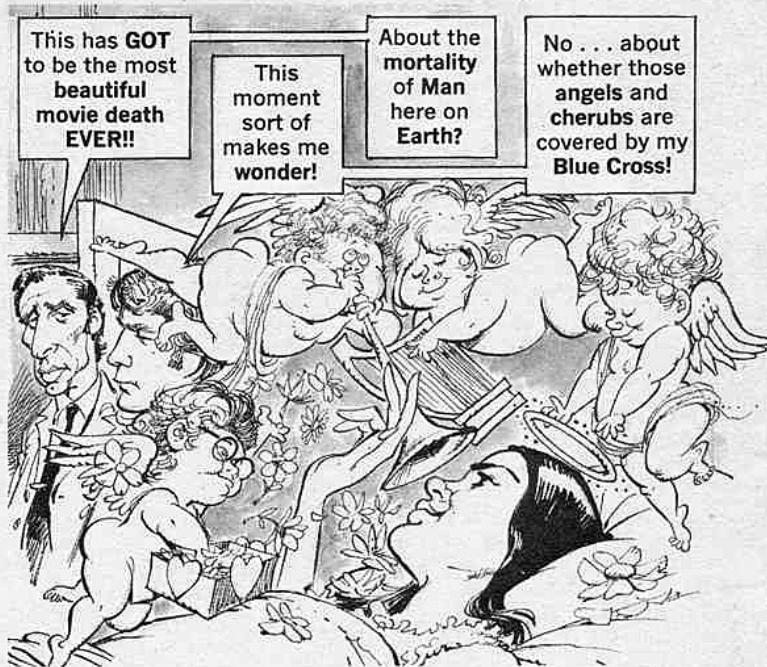
Hold it, Doc! Always remember, medicine is never having to say you're sorry!

This has GOT to be the most beautiful movie death EVER!!

This moment sort of makes me wonder!

About the mortality of Man here on Earth?

No . . . about whether those angels and cherubs are covered by my Blue Cross!



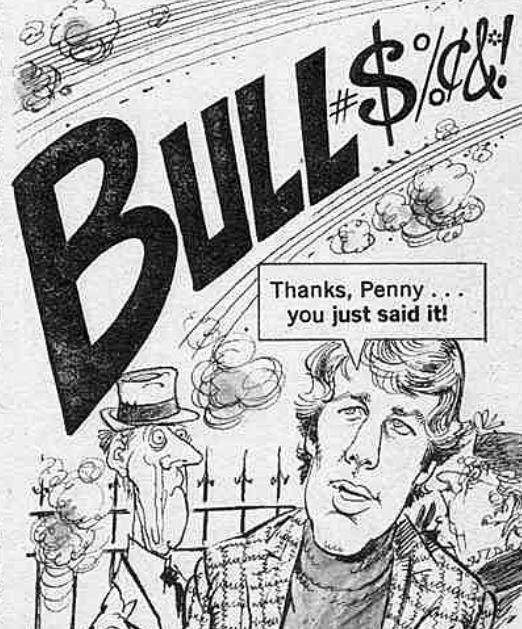
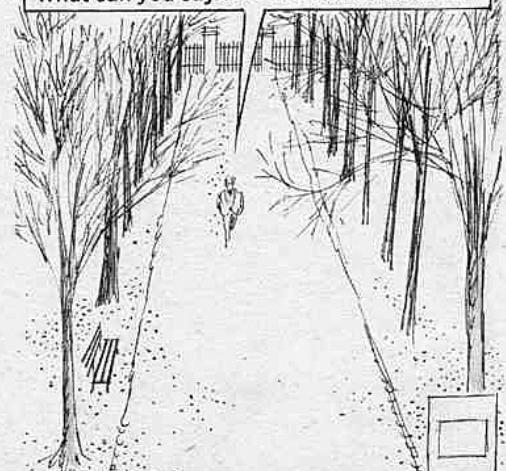
What can you say about a tear-jerker movie that makes death so beautiful?

What can you say about a movie that shows a fairy-tale college campus that couldn't possibly exist today?



What can you say about a movie that shows New York City as a fabulous wonderland—where you can walk through Central Park without being mugged?

What can you say about a movie like that?



Thanks, Penny . . . you just said it!



MAJOR HAWKS

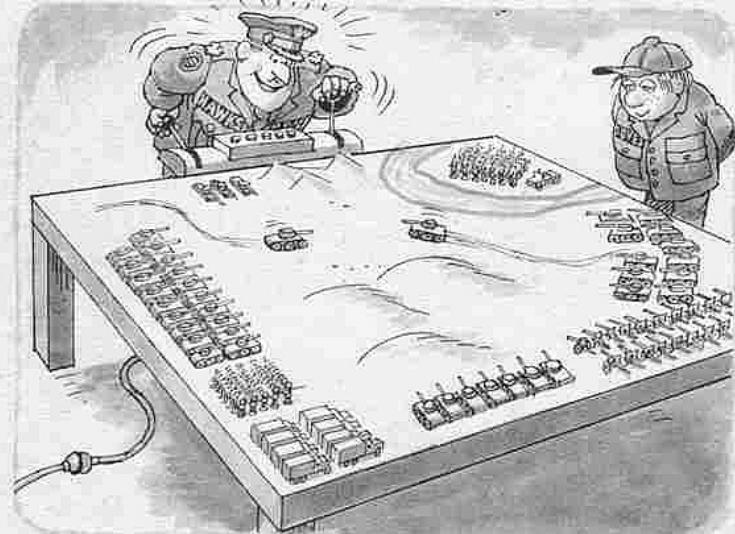
# HAWKS & DOVES



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



PRIVATE DOVES

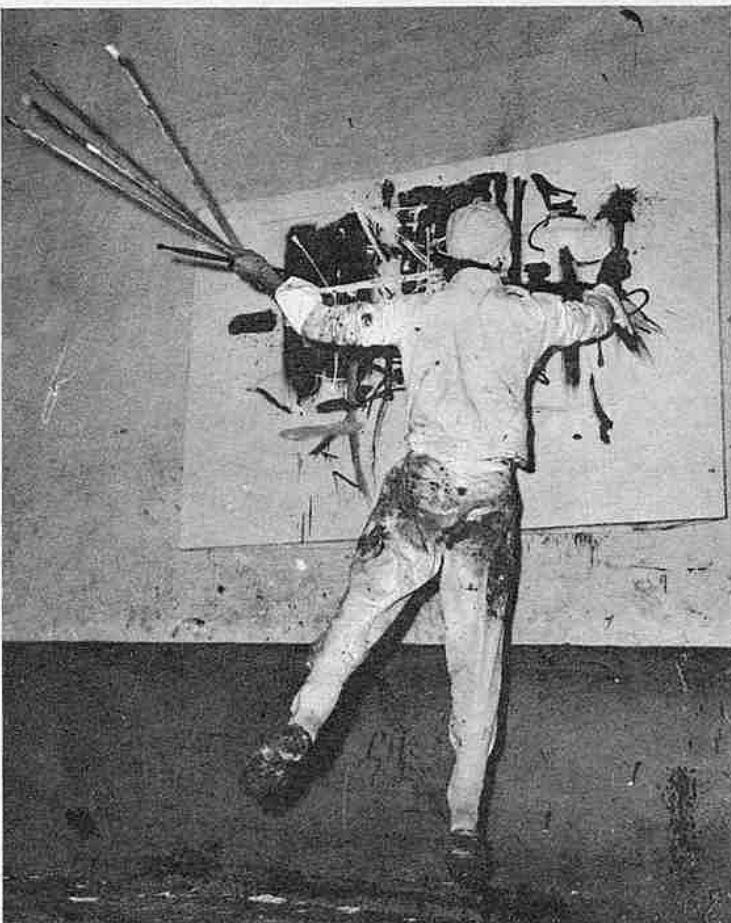
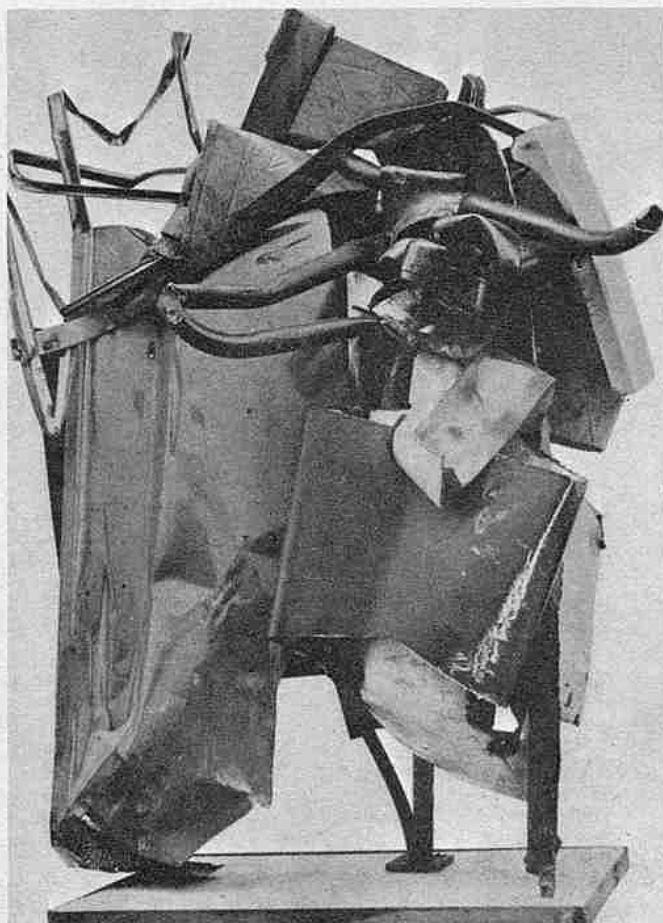


TURNING A PHRASE DEPT.

# THIS IS A



...where glory means death ... and death means glory!



...where junk is art ... and art is junk!

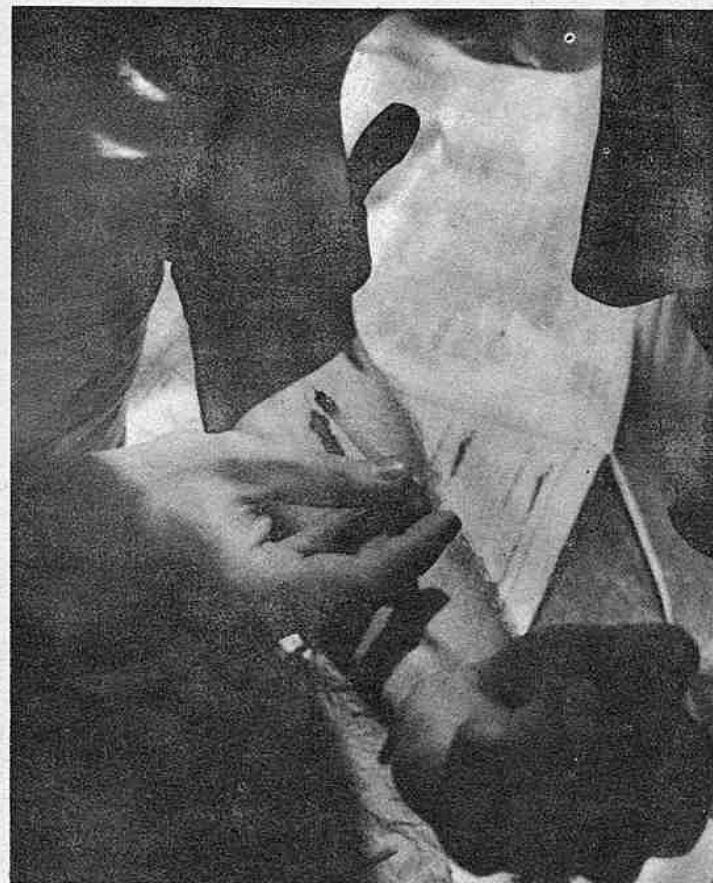
PHOTOS BY:  
UPI AND  
WORLD WIDE

# MERICA...

CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL



...where a dream is a reality



...and reality is a dream!



...where a nobody is a somebody ...and a somebody is a nobody!





...where night is day ...and day is night!



...where they don't say what they know ...and they don't know what they say!



...where much is done about nothing



...and nothing is done about much!



...where kids are adults



...and adults are kids!



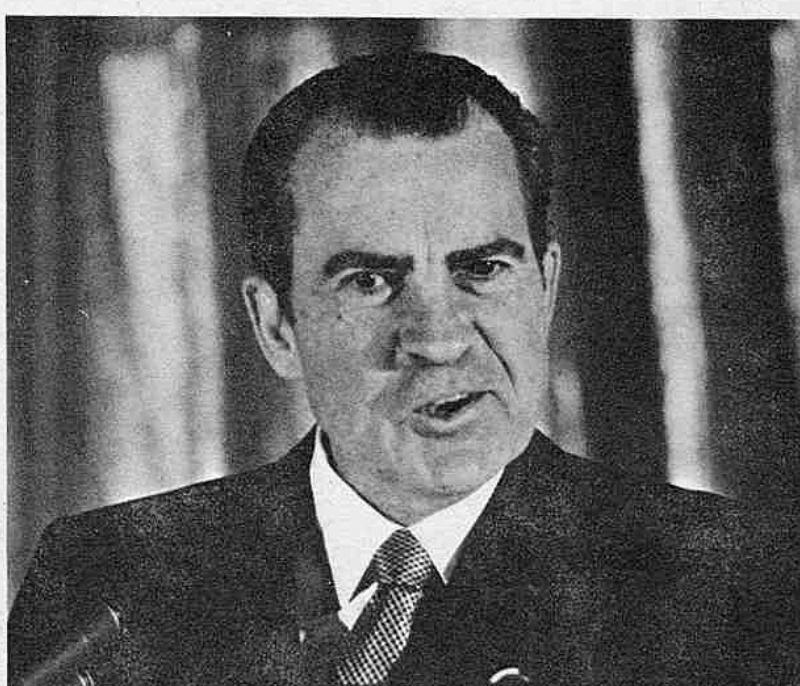
...where the impossible is possible



...and the possible is impossible!



...where winners are losers



...and losers are winners!

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE...

"N

Why do you call it the "NOW" Look when it's really just a conglomeration of **OLD** looks? Those knickers, jeans, knitted berets, Buffalo Bill jackets . . .

... Maxi coats and dresses, Midi coats and dresses, Minis, Ponchos . . . they're all from the Looks of **YESTERDAY**!

So why do you call it the "NOW" Look?

Because we weren't around "Yesterday" . . .

And we're wearing it **NOW!**



Tell me . . . why do all you boys wear long hair?

**TO BE DIFFERENT!**

What about you, Richie? Why are you the only boy around who wears **short** hair . . . ?

To be **REALLY** different!



I see you got one of those watchamacallit jackets . . . You know . . . the damp look!

You mean the "WET" Look!

Yeah! Yeah! That's it! The "Wet" Look!

You're talking about that new plastic material that has such a sheen to it that it gives the appearance that water is on it!

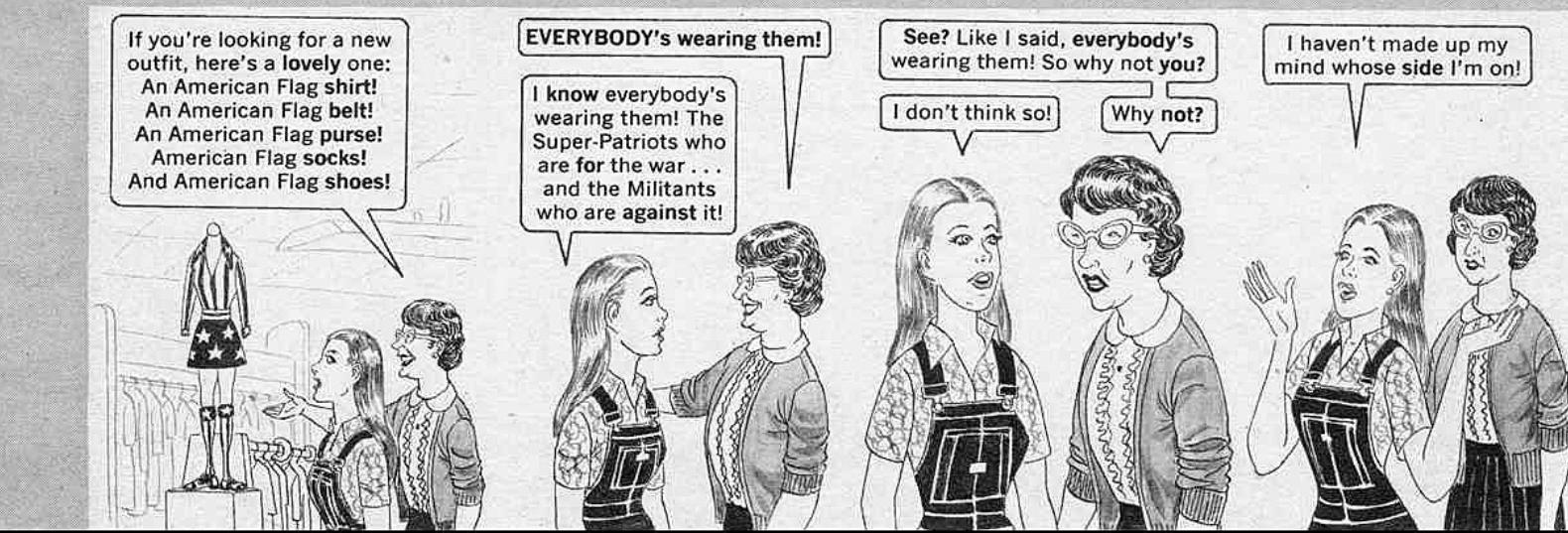
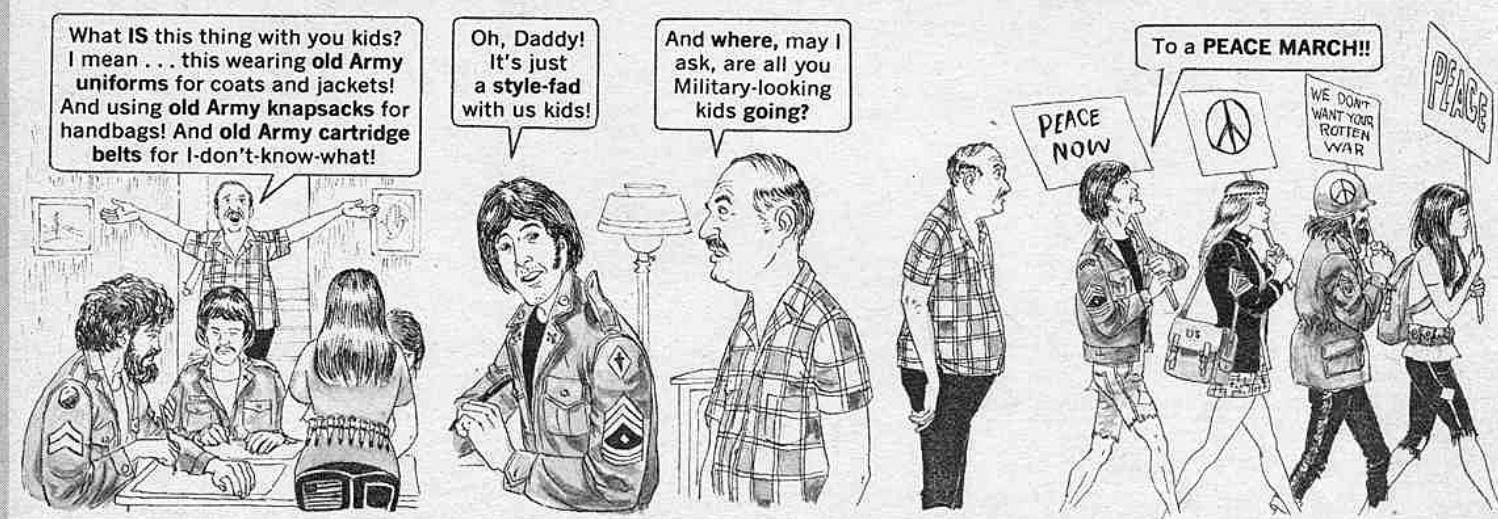
Well, this isn't one of those jackets!

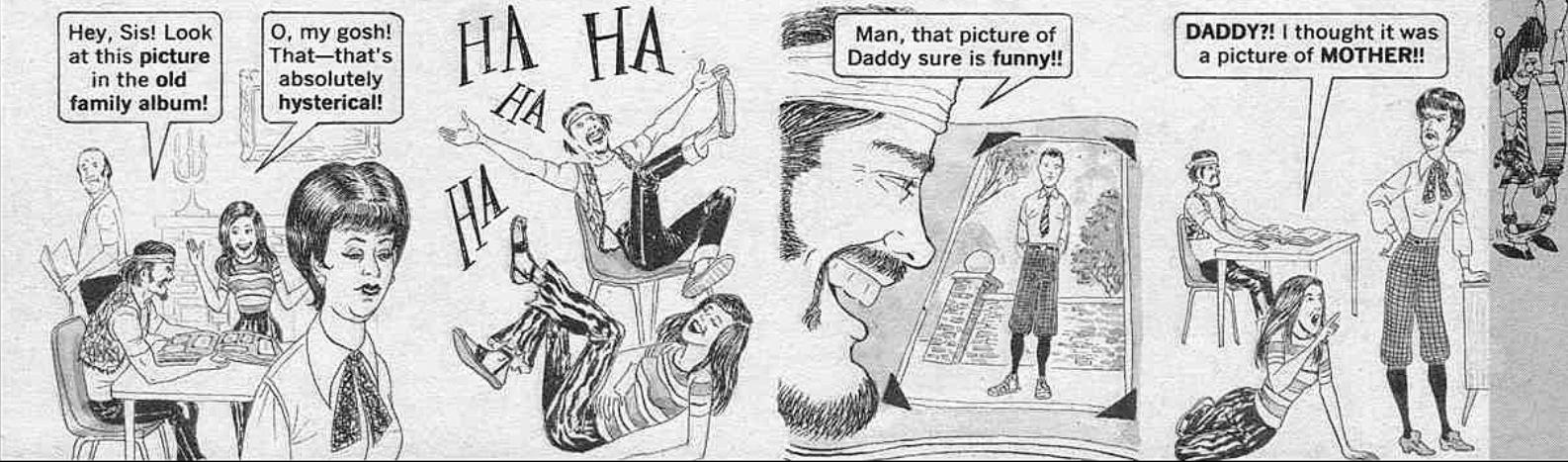
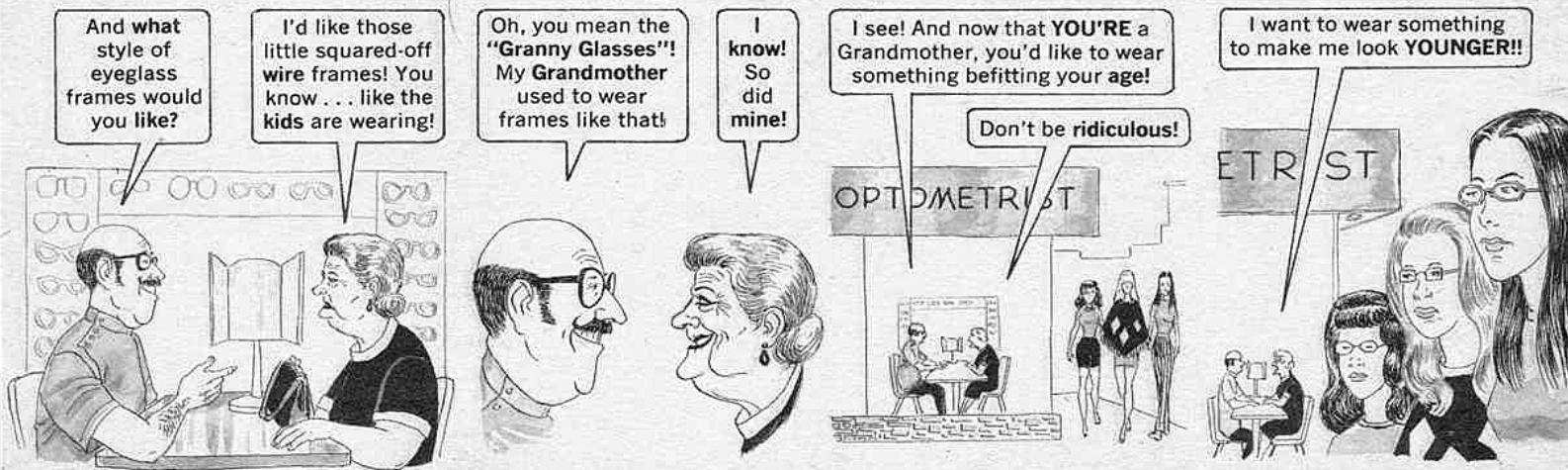
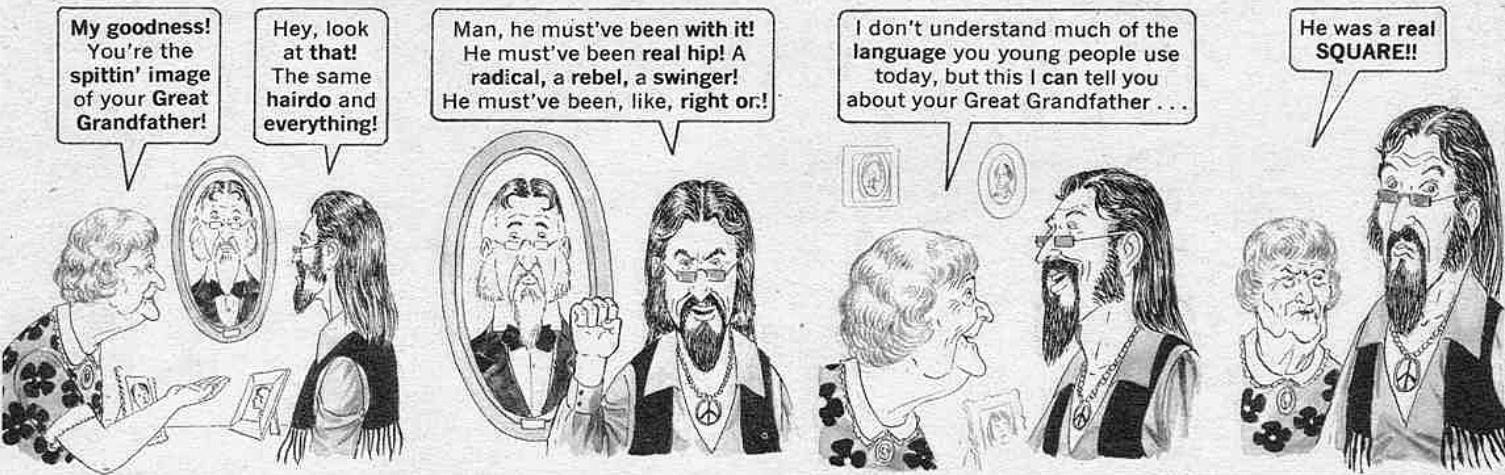
It's **RAINING** outside!

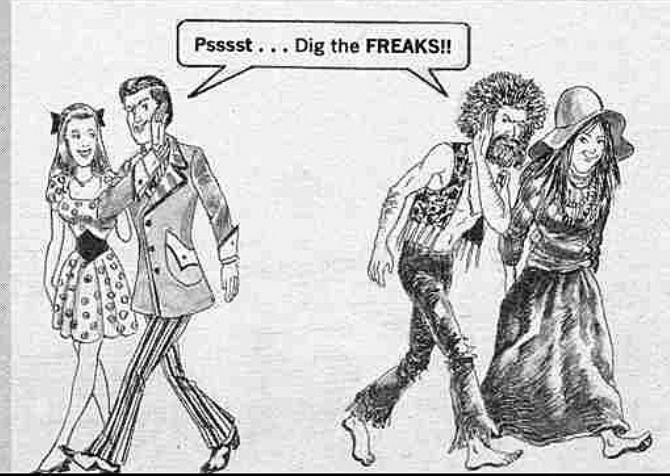


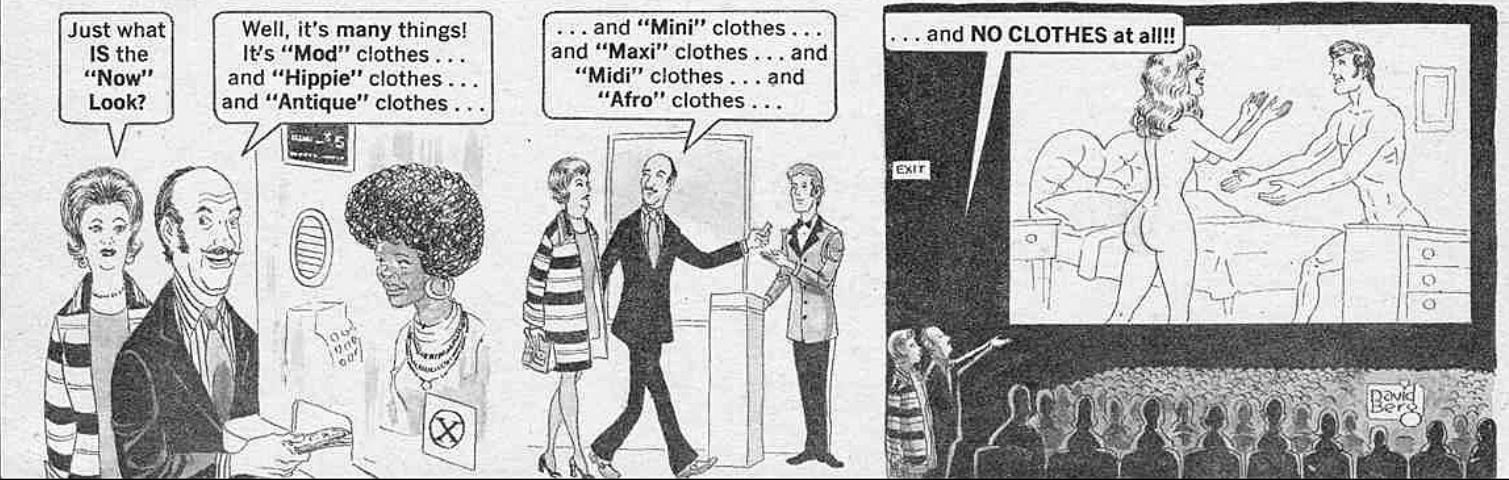
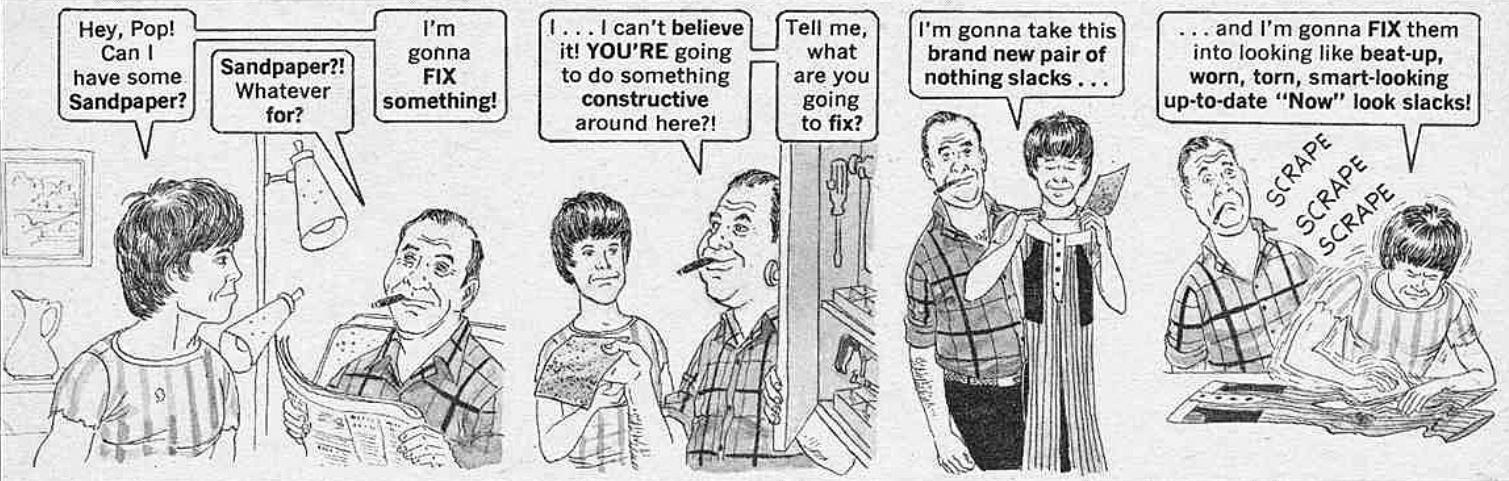
# OWLUK"

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

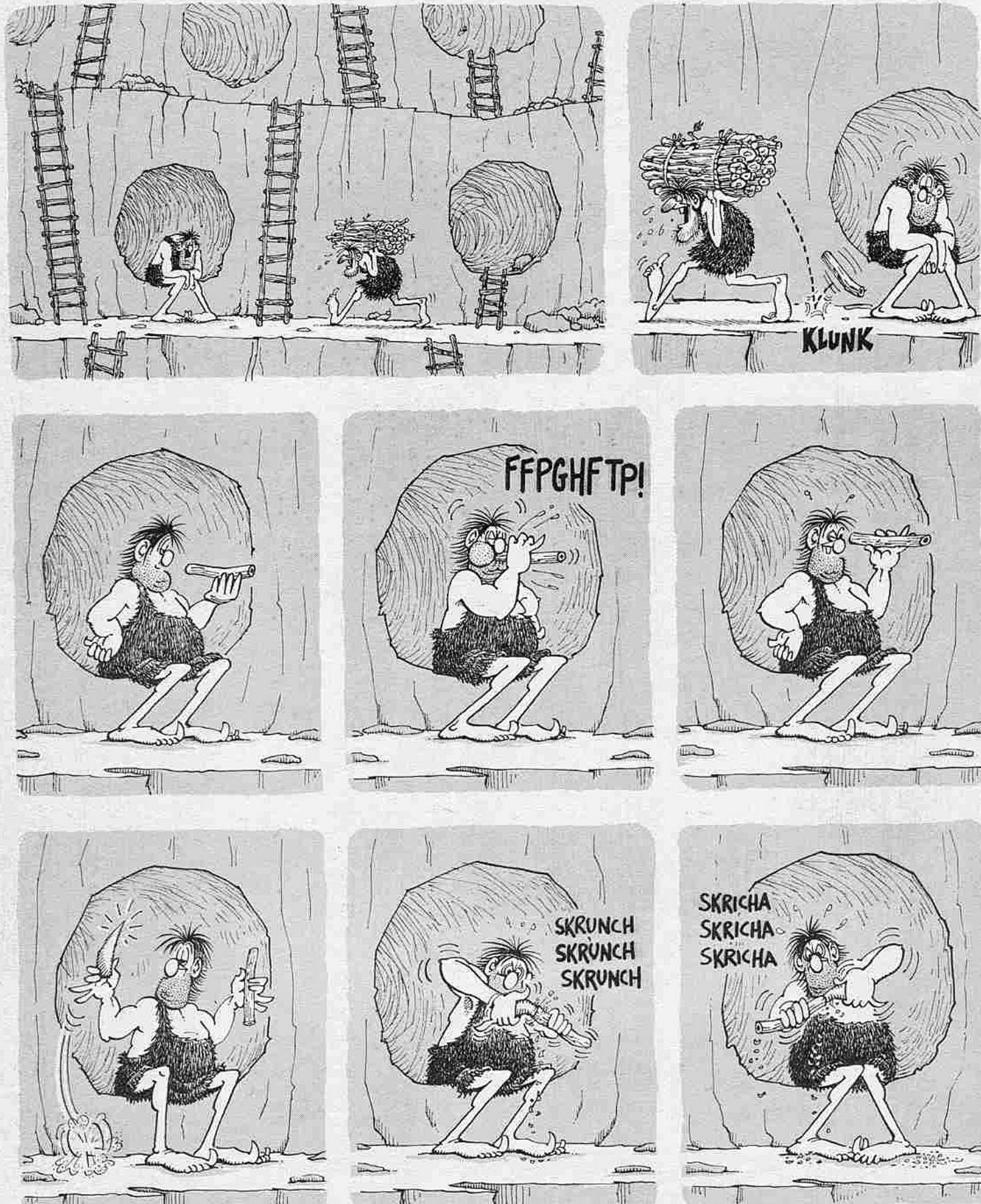


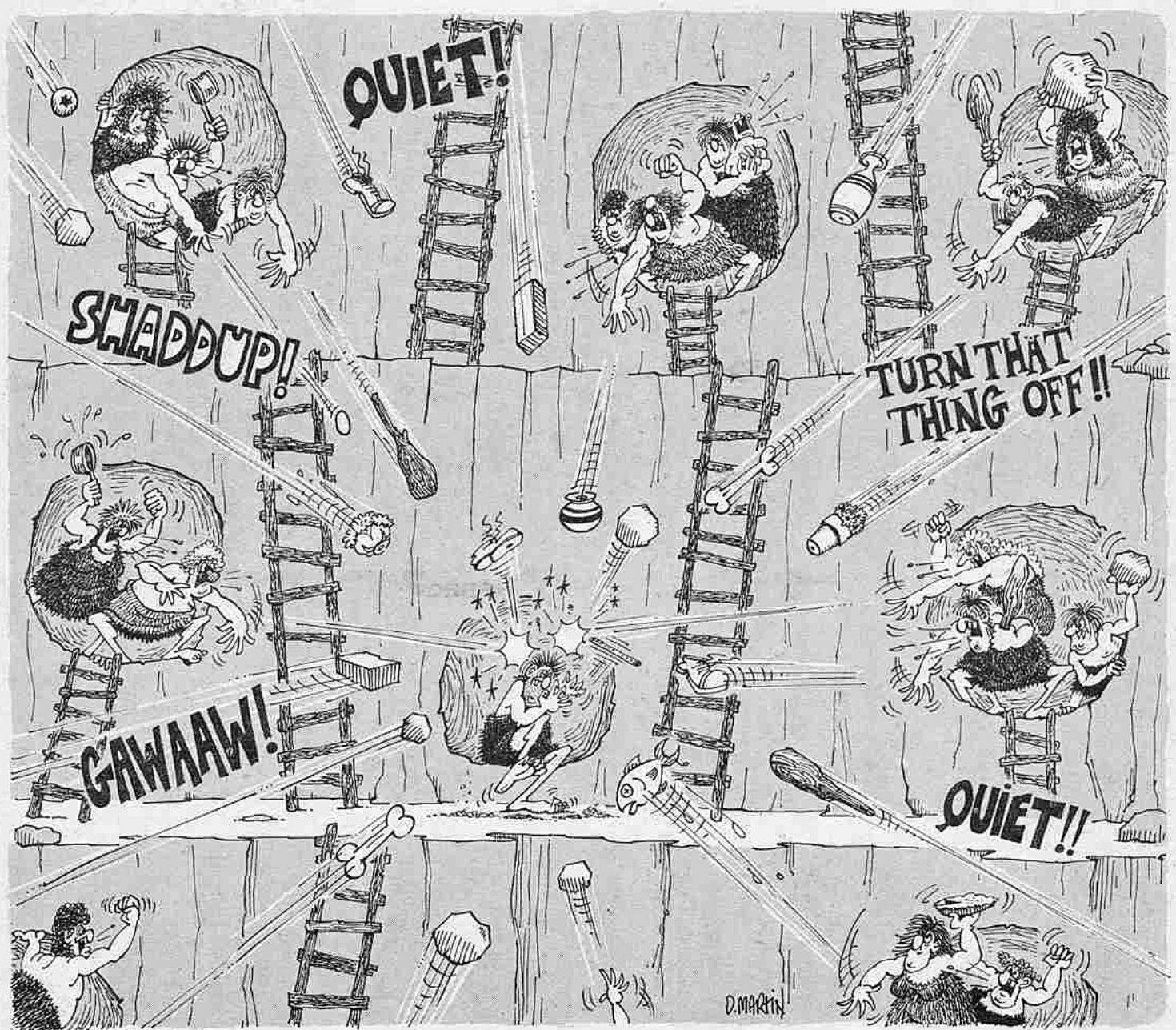






# THE VERY FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT





## ECCHOLOGY DEPT.

In this uncensored world, where anything goes (including the censor), people can read lots of dirty words in books and magazines. Or hear even worse in the movies. And so, in line with this "let-it-all-hang-out" trend, MAD hereby presents the dirtiest word in the English language. Ready?

### pollution

Yep, that's it. Not only is it the dirtiest word in the English language, but the deadliest! Ask any tuna fish lover. For months now, the nation's pundits have been permeating the press with their plaintive prattlings about pollution. Well, it's still a lot of garbage to us. So we've wrapped it all up in this 100% smog free, non-disposable . . .

# THE MAD "Effluent Society" POLLUTION PRIMER



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: SY REIT

### Chapter 1.



See wretched Lester.

See how sick and shaky he looks.

Wretched Lester is trying to kick a nasty habit.

He is trying to quit something that is ruining his health.

And giving him terrible coughing spells.

And gradually turning his lungs black.

Lester knows that if he doesn't quit soon, he may die.

But he is having a rough time.

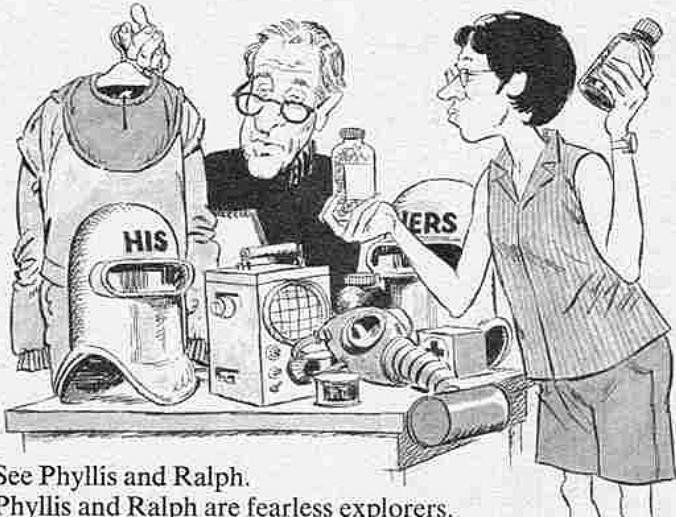
By comparison, giving up high-cholesterol foods was easy.

And giving up drinking was easy.

And giving up smoking was easy.

But how many people can successfully give up *breathing*?

### Chapter 2.



See Phyllis and Ralph.

Phyllis and Ralph are fearless explorers.

See them packing for their next trip.

They are packing with care because it is a very dangerous trip.

See them pack their water purifying pills.

See them pack their oxygen masks.

See them pack their decontamination suits.

See them pack their food radiation detectors.

Pack everything you'll need, Phyllis and Ralph!

Everything, everything, everything.

You can't be too careful when you're planning a vacation in a big, modern American city!

## Chapter 3.



See the modern housewife.  
See her shopping at her local supermarket.  
Is that a shopping list in her hand?  
No, it is the latest Analysis Report  
From the U.S. Government Testing Laboratories.  
She is using it to check out her purchases.  
She has to watch for mercury in the tuna  
And strontium-90 in the milk.  
And plutonium in the butter.  
And cyclamates in the soft drinks.  
And thorium in the halvah.  
And DDT in the gefilte fish.  
Yes, to be a modern housewife today, it really takes a lot.  
It really takes a lot of courses in Advanced Chemistry.



## Chapter 4.



See the magnificent streamlined jet plane.  
See how gracefully it soars into the sky above.  
Leaving a trail of shattered windows.  
And cracked walls.  
And ruptured eardrums.

ROARR! ROARR! ROARRRR!  
Alas, noise pollution has become a major menace today.  
Our ears are constantly being bombarded by sonic booms.  
And loud pneumatic drills.  
And blaring rock music.  
And noisy horns and sirens.  
And the worst noise pollution of all:  
Politicians . . . loudly rapping about the need to do  
something about all the noise pollution.



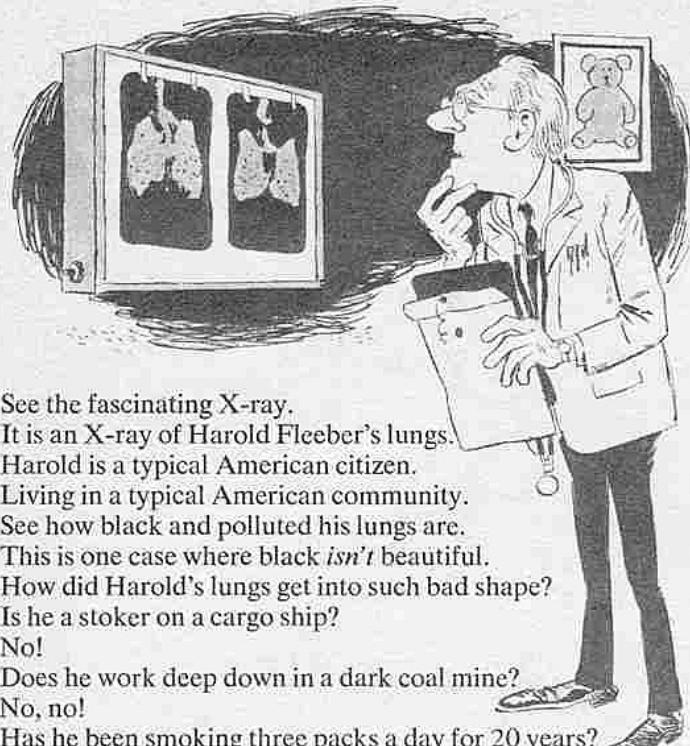
## Chapter 7.



See all the shiny new automobiles.  
See them jammed, bumper-to-bumper, on the Freeway.  
Hear their horns blaring.  
Honk! Honk! Honk!  
Hear their drivers cursing,  
&¢%\$#@! &¢%\$#@! &¢%\$#@!  
See their exhaust pipes emitting.  
Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Why are all the drivers in their shiny new automobiles  
trying to get out of town?  
To escape the horrible carbon-monoxide smog of the city  
caused by so many shiny new automobiles.  
Are any of them willing to give up their shiny new little  
carbon-monoxide makers?  
Don't be ridiculous!  
Pollution is always the *other guy's* fault!

## Chapter 5.



See the fascinating X-ray.

It is an X-ray of Harold Fleeber's lungs.

Harold is a typical American citizen.

Living in a typical American community.

See how black and polluted his lungs are.

This is one case where black *isn't* beautiful.

How did Harold's lungs get into such bad shape?

Is he a stoker on a cargo ship?

No!

Does he work deep down in a dark coal mine?

No, no!

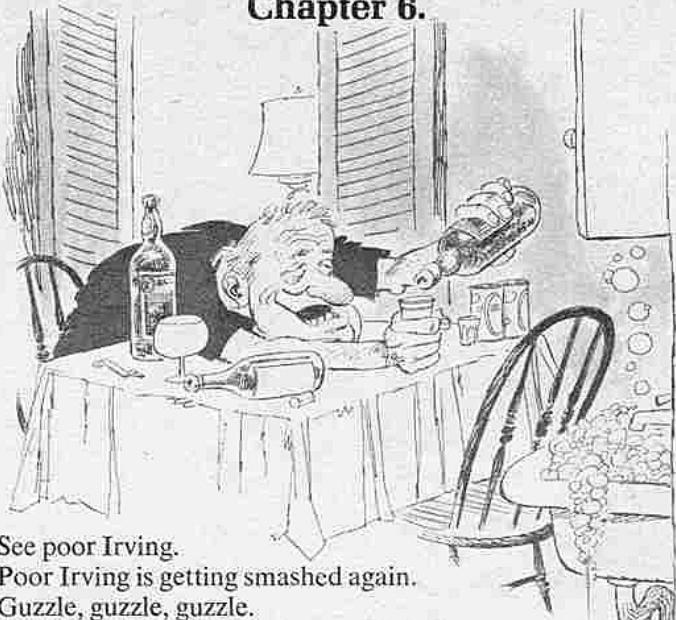
Has he been smoking three packs a day for 20 years?

No, no, no!

To tell the truth, Harold hasn't really done much of anything.

How much can an eight-month-old baby do?

## Chapter 6.



See poor Irving.

Poor Irving is getting smashed again.

Guzzle, Guzzle, Guzzle.

Poor Irving is fast becoming an alcoholic.

But it isn't really Irving's fault.

When Irving is thirsty, all he wants is a nice glass of water.

But whenever he turns on the tap, what does he get?

A glass full of soap suds.

Yes, poor Irving's water supply is loaded with detergents.

So he is forced to Guzzle booze instead.

Barf, barf, barf.

Looks like there's more than *one* way to get polluted!

## Chapter 8.



See the Committee of Distinguished Citizens.

These Distinguished Citizens feel that there is much too much fuss and bother about pollution.

Fuss, fuss, fuss.

Bother, bother, bother.

They feel that people are needlessly panicky.

They feel that everyone should calm down.

They do NOT feel that the problem is as bad or as serious as everyone says it is.

Who *are* these fine, upstanding, calm Distinguished Citizens?

Harry, there, is an oil company tycoon . . . and Milton owns a paper mill . . . and Robert is a jet fuel manufacturer . . . and Winthrop is an electric utility executive . . . and Herman is the director of a chain of funeral parlors.

## Chapter 9.



See the funky little magazine.

It is a brave and fearless publication.

To this funky little magazine, nothing is sacred.

Nothing, nothing, nothing.

It will take on Madison Avenue.

It will take on Hollywood.

It will take on Big Business, and Congress, and the Pentagon.

It will take on the problem of pollution.

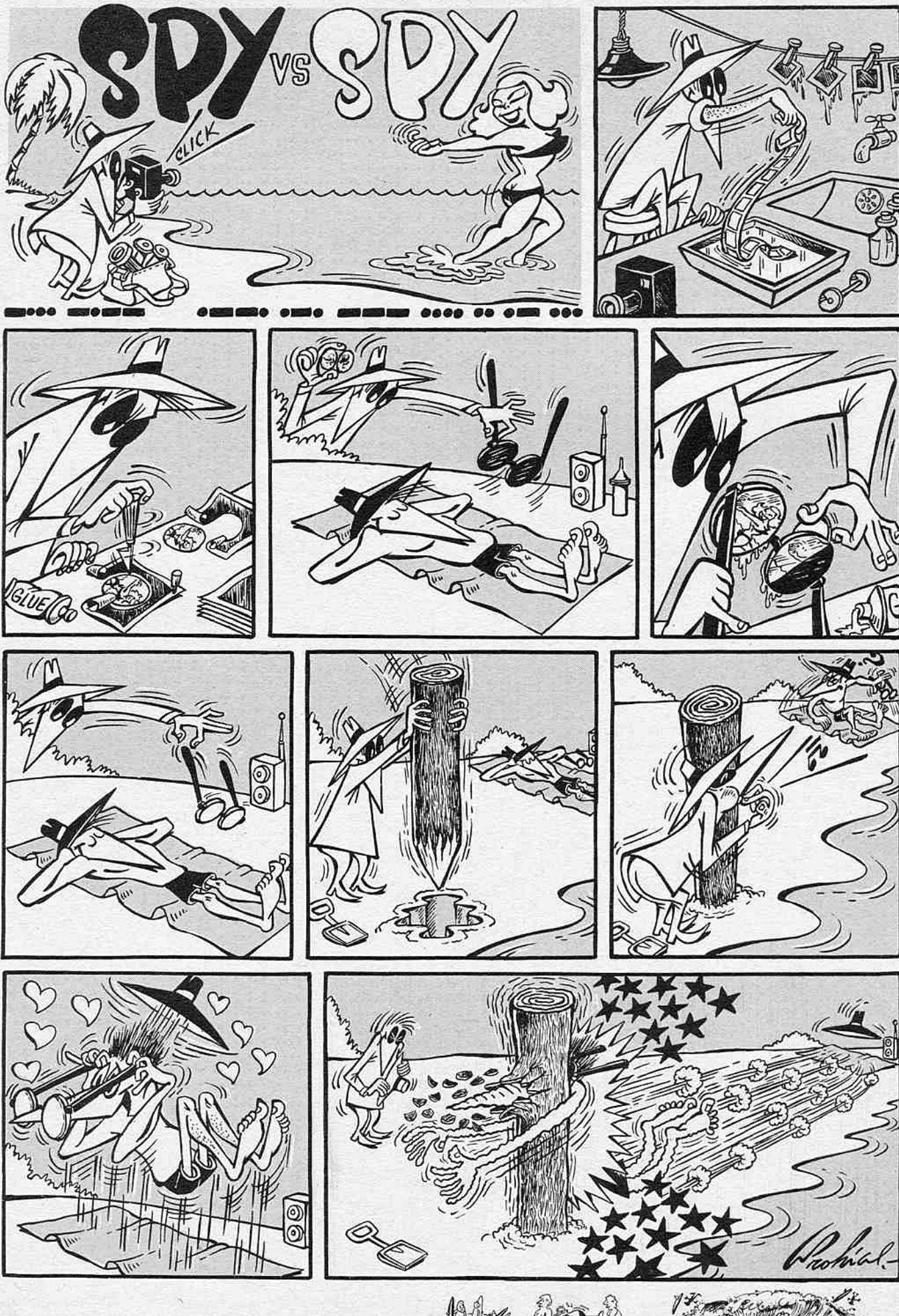
And zap those who are responsible.

Speaking of pollution, you are now holding 48 pages

Of the worst kind imaginable.

Right in your hot little hands:

Mind pollution!





Despite all the demonstrations of dissent around the country, President Nixon claims he has the backing of the great "Silent Majority" . . . or, as he puts it, "The Forgotten Middle Americans." Since these middle Americans are so silent and forgotten, nobody seems to know much about them. So as a public service—

# MAD INTERVIEWS A TYPICAL "MIDDLE AMERICAN" FAMILY

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Standpatter! I'm Dick Cravat from MAD Magazine in New York, and we'd like to get—

Say, it must be a real pleasure for a New Yorker to breathe our clean, fresh country air!

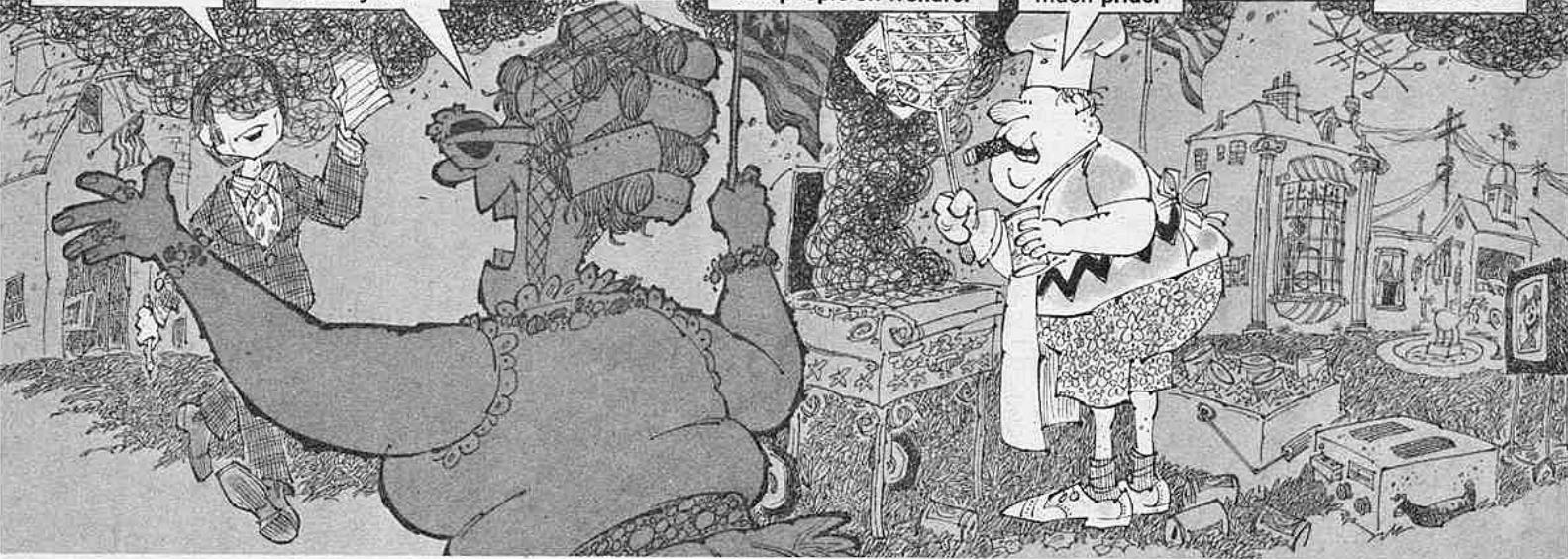
Cough—cough!  
It certainly is!  
We'd like to get your views on the problems facing our nation today!

Well, it's about time we forgotten Americans had a chance to be heard! We're pretty tired of reading about traitors and rioters and people on Welfare!

You won't find anybody on Welfare here in Midville! We got too much pride!

Uh—this is a nice farm you have! What crops do you grow?

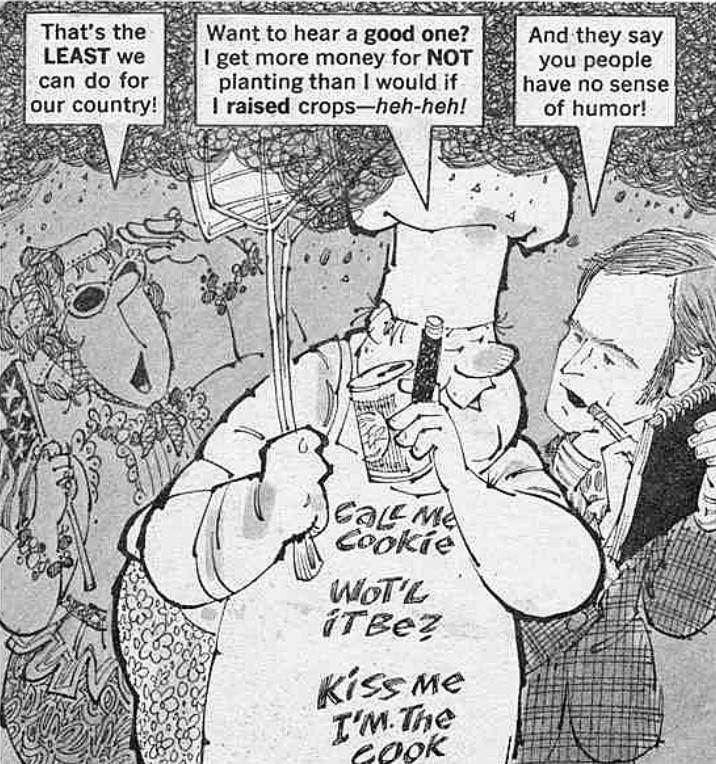
Why, none! The U.S. Government pays us a fortune not to grow ANYTHING!



That's the LEAST we can do for our country!

Want to hear a good one? I get more money for NOT planting than I would if I raised crops—heh-heh!

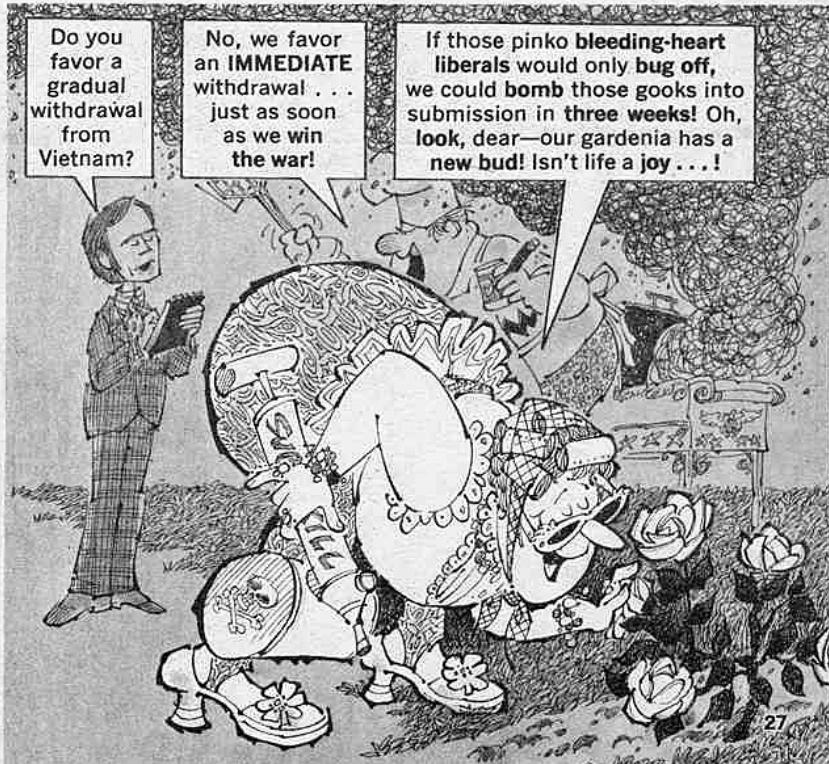
And they say you people have no sense of humor!



Do you favor a gradual withdrawal from Vietnam?

No, we favor an IMMEDIATE withdrawal . . . just as soon as we win the war!

If those pinko bleeding-heart liberals would only bug off, we could bomb those gooks into submission in three weeks! Oh, look, dear—our gardenia has a new bud! Isn't life a joy . . . !



How should the U.S. Government handle the Draft Protesters?

They ought to ship that whole zoo over to Roosia!

I can't abide a man who isn't willing to fight for his country! I'm a W.W. II vet—and when the Draft Board called me in '42, I didn't protest or picket! I applied for a deferment, and when they rejected my appeal, I went into the Army ... gladly!

Spending the whole war at Fort Dix was no bed of roses, I want to tell you!

Verne was awarded "The Good Conduct Medal"

Please, Martha—I just did my duty!



You probably think it's corny, but I always say, "My country—right or wrong!"

The correct quotation is, "Our country, in her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be right ... but our country, right or wrong!"

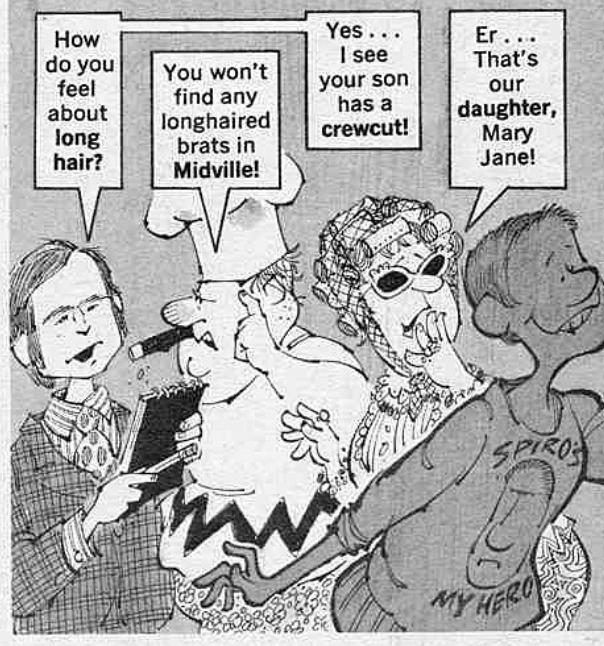
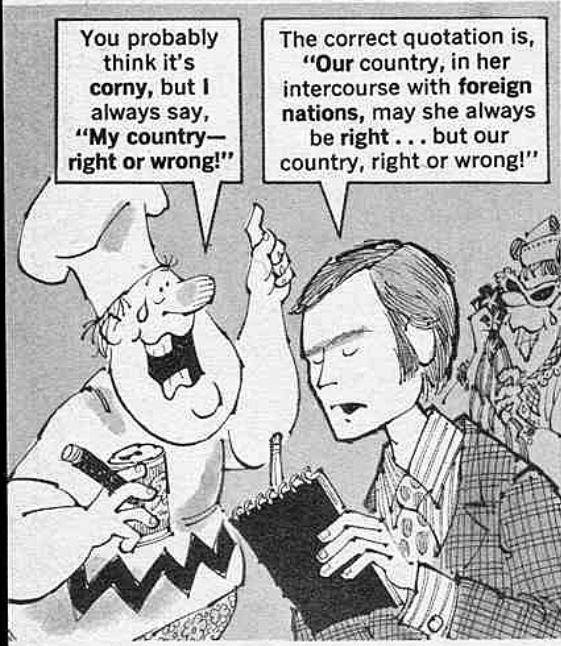
Watch your language, there Cravat! That kind of talk may be all right in mixed company back in the big evil city, but not here in the heartland of America!

How do you feel about long hair?

You won't find any longhaired brats in Midville!

Yes ... I see your son has a crewcut!

Er ... That's our daughter, Mary Jane!



Our Mary Jane goes to college!

Really? And what is she studying?

What every decent American girl studies! "Baton Twirling"!

—OUCH!—

KLONK

Hope you're not hurt! It gets pretty dangerous around here when she does her homework!

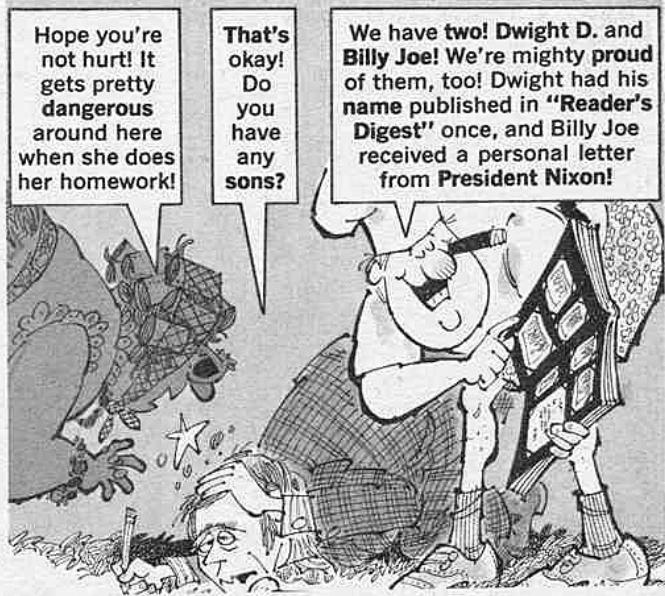
That's okay! Do you have any sons?

We have two! Dwight D. and Billy Joe! We're mighty proud of them, too! Dwight had his name published in "Reader's Digest" once, and Billy Joe received a personal letter from President Nixon!

For bravery in battle?

—OOOF!—

No, for scoring a winning touchdown!



Our boys are behind the war 100% Why, they've seen "The Green Berets" seven times! But Dwight's married, and Billy Joe's in college! Of course, Billy Joe would give up his student deferment and enlist today if his education wasn't so important to the future of our great country!

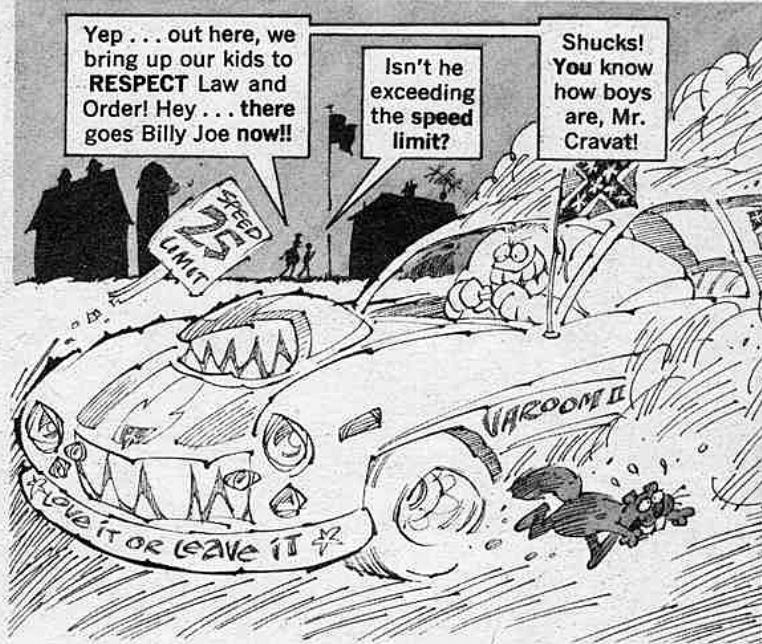
What's Billy Joe majoring in?

Agriculture . . . so's he can help me on the farm when he graduates!

Yep . . . out here, we bring up our kids to RESPECT Law and Order! Hey . . . there goes Billy Joe now!!

Isn't he exceeding the speed limit?

Shucks! You know how boys are, Mr. Cravat!



Is there a drug problem among the children of Middle America?

No, sir! Our kids don't touch marijuana and that other junk! If they feel like relaxing, they do it the good 'ol American way . . . with a shot of whiskey and a beer chaser! A little social drinking never harmed anybody!

You tell 'em, Tiger! Hey—hic—Mr. Cravat, you wanna join us in a Martini?

Do you think our permissive society is to blame for the radical behavior of today's youth?

You better believe it! How can kids develop a sense of values these days? Look at this! Why, you can buy this filth right out in the open on any newsstand! We weren't brought up that way! No, sir! When WE wanted a dirty book, we had to buy it in the school yard! And we had to watch out for the cops!



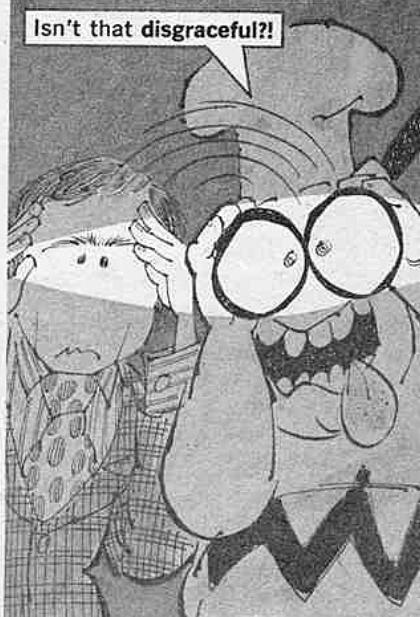
Mr. Standpatter, if you feel so strongly about pornography, how come you have all these magazines?

I'm Chairman of the "Midville Anti-Smut Committee", and I'm studying evidence!



Listen, if you think this stuff is bad, what about today's movies? They're disgraceful! You never saw Loretta Young or Irene Dunne running around naked! The best WE could get in those days was Lana Turner in a tight sweater! And the way women dress today! Disgusting! Just look at my neighbor wearing that Bikini!

Isn't that disgraceful?!



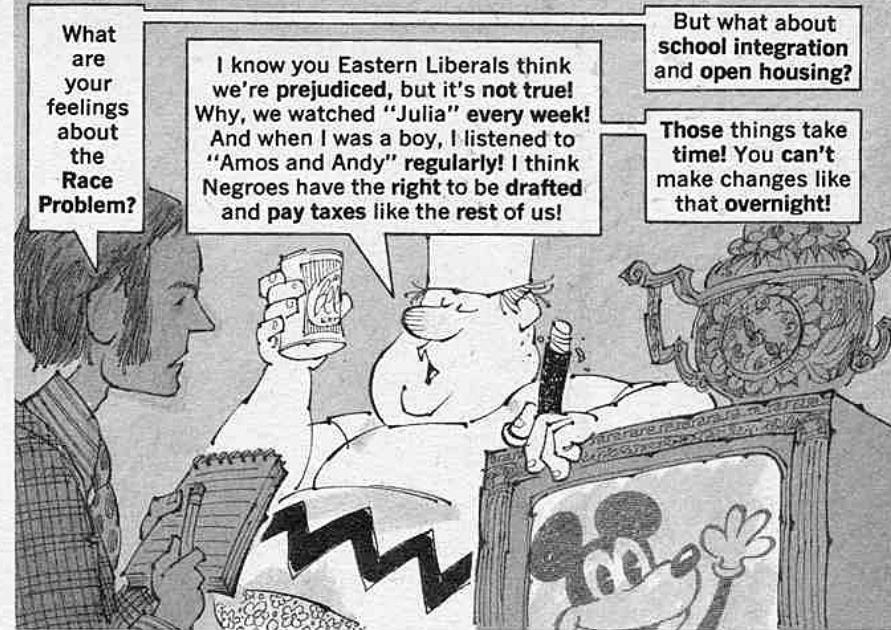
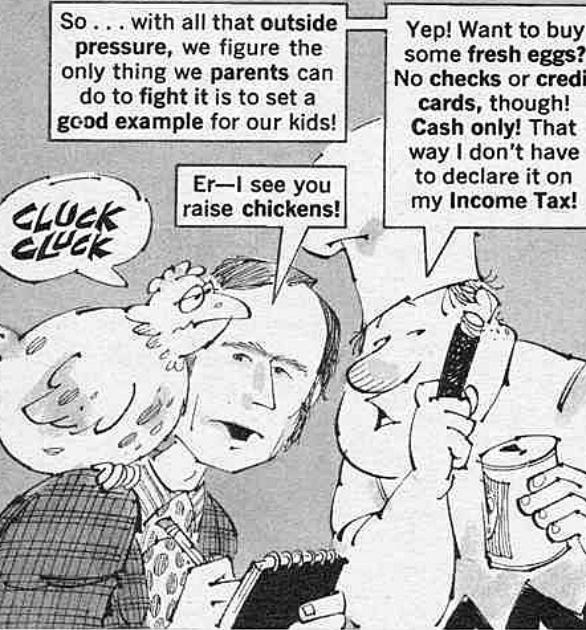
How do you feel about Sex Education in our schools?

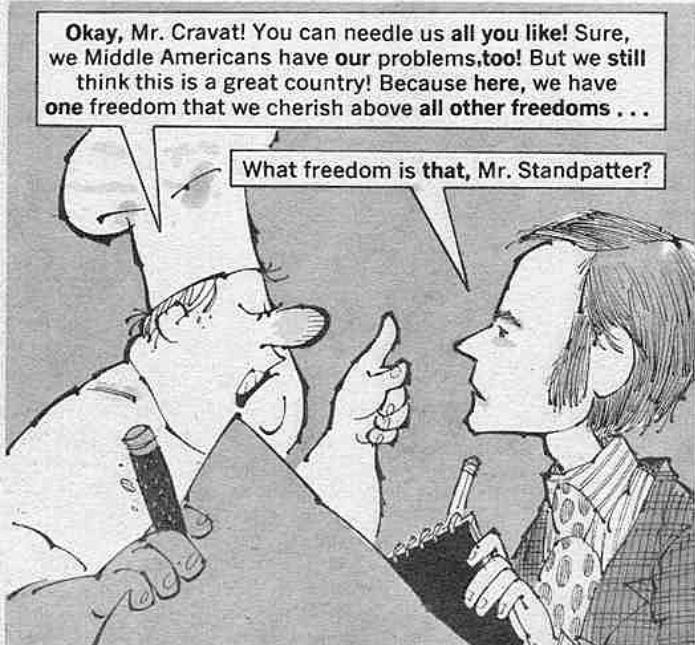
It's a Commie plot to undermine the morals of our children! We never had any of that Sex Education stuff when WE went to school, and there's nothing wrong with OUR generation!

Listen, I'm just a simple, God-fearing football fan, Mr. Cravat! But if you ask me, I feel that the Supreme Court is responsible for all this immorality! They ought to impeach the lot of 'em for banning prayers in our schools!

But, if a person really wants to pray can't he go to Church?

Sure! But folks can't get to Church as often as they'd like these days! You have to get out on the Golf Course pretty early on Sunday mornings to beat the crowds!





A HITCH IN TIME DEPT.

From fortresses, castles, dungeons, bunkers, rummage shops and ruins of ancient draft boards around

# RECRUITING POSTER

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

**ARSONISTS      LOOTERS  
RAPISTS**

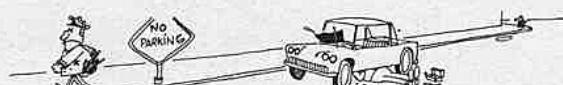


**I WANT YOU  
TO JOIN MY  
SHAGGY HORDE  
AND HELP  
TERRORIZE THE WORLD**

**GO WITH  
A  
WINNER**



**Enlist In The  
Spanish  
Armada**



the world, MAD's Military Expert (now living in Canada) has unearthed this unique collection of...

# S THROUGH HISTORY

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

**Make New Friends!  
GO WEST**



**With General Custer's  
7<sup>th</sup> CAVALRY**

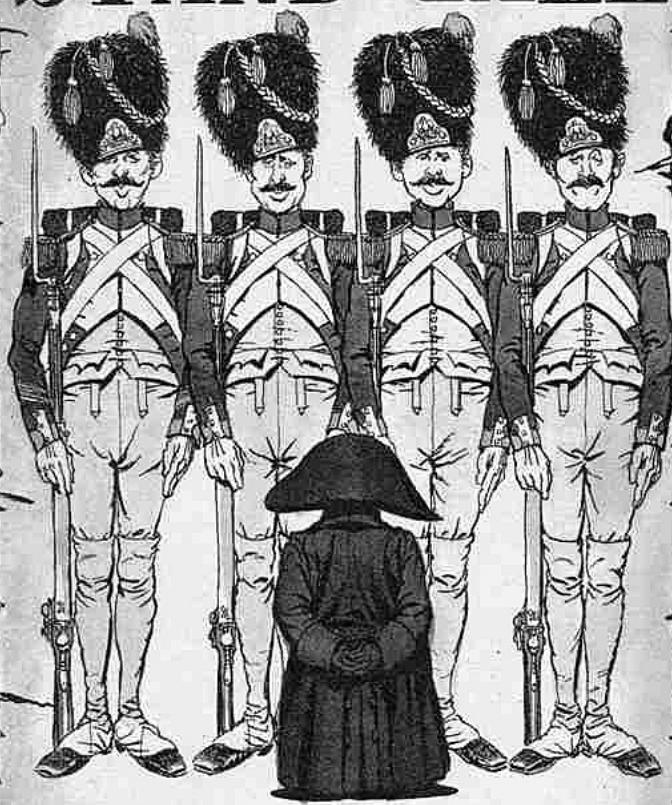
**Re-Enlist  
and Re-Enlist  
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist  
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist  
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist  
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist**



**In The  
100 Years'  
War**

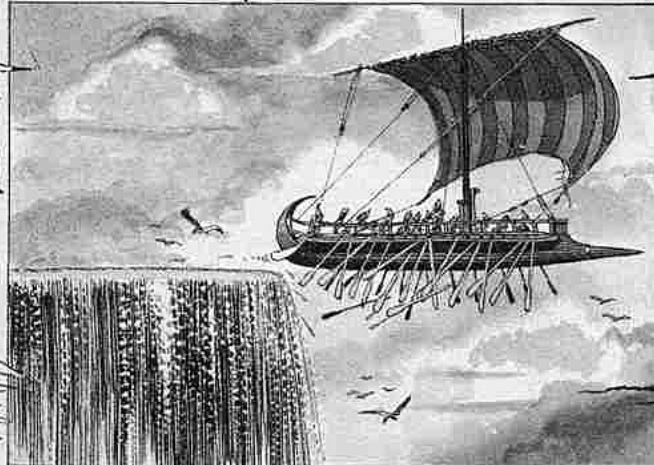


# STAND TALL



IN  
**BONAPARTE'S GUARD**

**JOIN THE  
PHOENICIAN NAVY**



...and see the  
edge of the world

Join The Conquest!

# GO NORMAN

and Learn a Specialty:



Catapult Operator



Pitchbucket Pourer



Rampart Stormer



Battering Ram Rammer

**BE PATRIOTIC!  
JOIN THE REDCOATS!**



MAINTAIN LAW & ORDER  
IN THE COLONIES

INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.



Editor's Note: Since our "Introduction" writer was just kidnapped, and since he is being held for 9¢ ransom, and since we refuse to pay that ransom . . . there will be no introduction to . . .

# A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A RESORT HOTEL

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Ahhh, young love! Isn't that nice?!  
It's just like our brochure says . . .  
"Euphoria Hotel—The Romantic Spot—  
The Ideal Place To Meet A Husband!"

Are you kidding?  
If I meet MY  
husband here,  
I'm DEAD!!



The bed in room 389 is in terrible shape! The two left legs are shorter than the two right legs, and you can't lie in it without tipping from side to side! We got trouble!

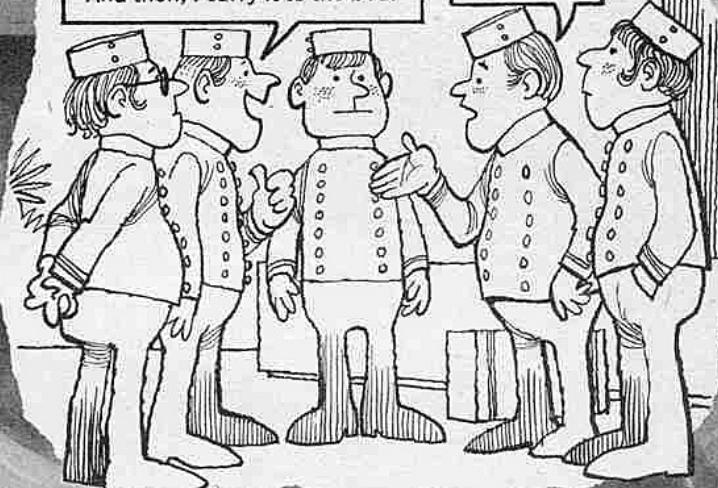
Wrong! We got a **VIBRATING BED!** Put a quarter coin box on it and we'll clean up!



Okay, everybody got it straight! Barney carries the guy's bag into the lobby! Steve carries it to the elevator! Gus carries it down the hall! And I carry it into the room!

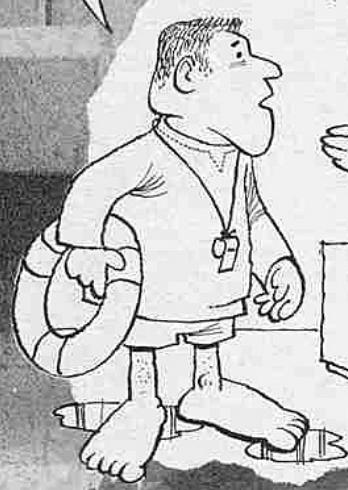
And then, I carry it to the bed!

No—don't stretch a good thing too far! Four tips on one bag is enough!



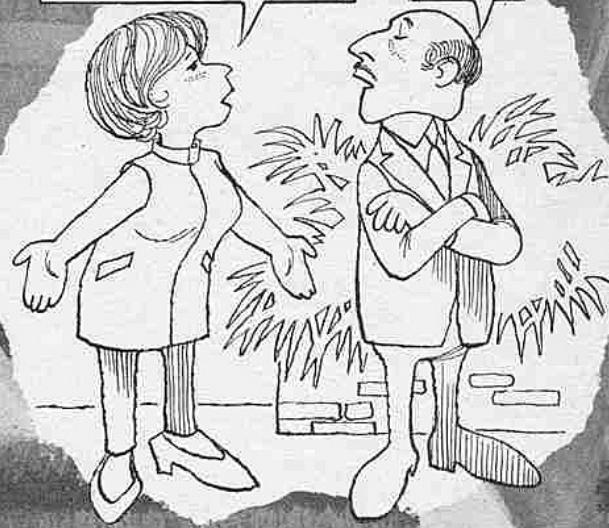
The guests are complaining about our pool! It's small, it's only two feet deep, and the water is like lukewarm soup! Shall we admit it's a wading pool and refund their money for misrepresentation!

Of course not! Tell 'em we're a "Spa"—that that's our therapeutic pool—and charge 'em extra to go in!



You advertise this hotel as the finest resort on the coast, with all rooms facing the ocean! Well, MY room doesn't face the ocean!!

We didn't say WHICH ocean!



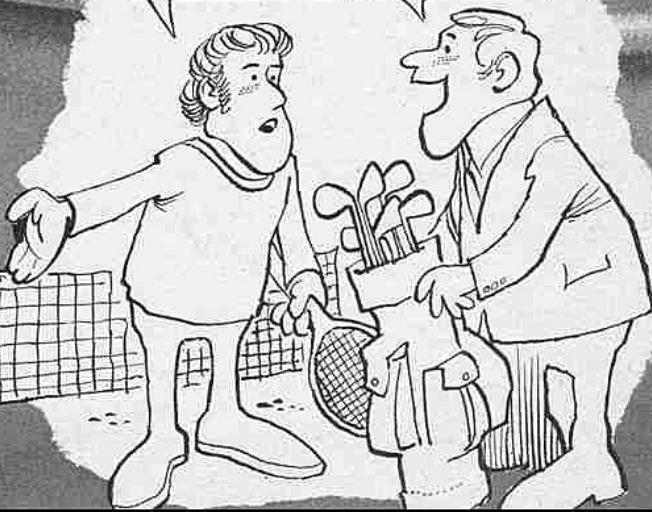
Why must all tennis players wear white?

Because it's a tennis tradition . . . because white is a neat clean color and tennis is a neat clean game . . . and mainly, because how ELSE could I make a killing in my tennis supply shop selling shirts, shorts, skirts and sneakers?!!



Our Championship Tennis Court is in terrible shape! I counted about 18 holes in it!

Okay, take down the net! We now have a Championship Golf Course!



Oops! Sorry to bust in on you folks like this! I'll come back at a better time!

She ought to be ashamed of herself! She knows the only time we bust in on guests is when they're either naked—or in the bathroom!

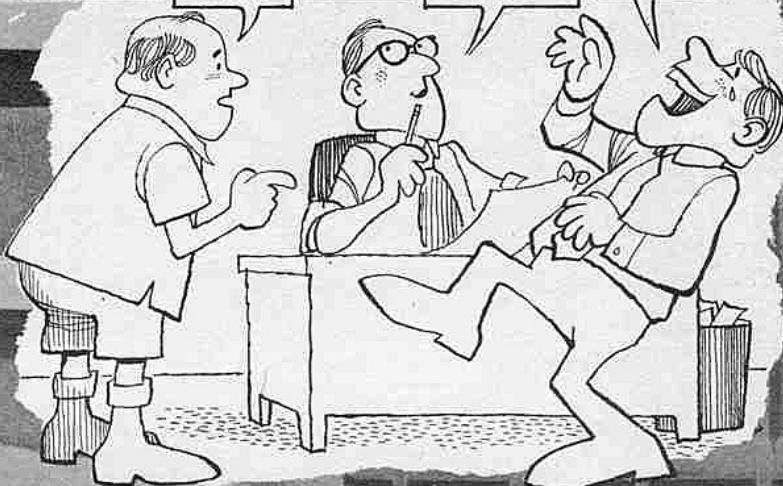
Ha-ha-ha! Hee-hee! Hoo-hah! Oh, stop! You're killing me!

What's he writing? A sketch for the show?

No, a laundry price list for the hotel!

How about "Socks—\$1 a pair—hankies—75c each—"?

Please! Stop! I can't stand it anymore!

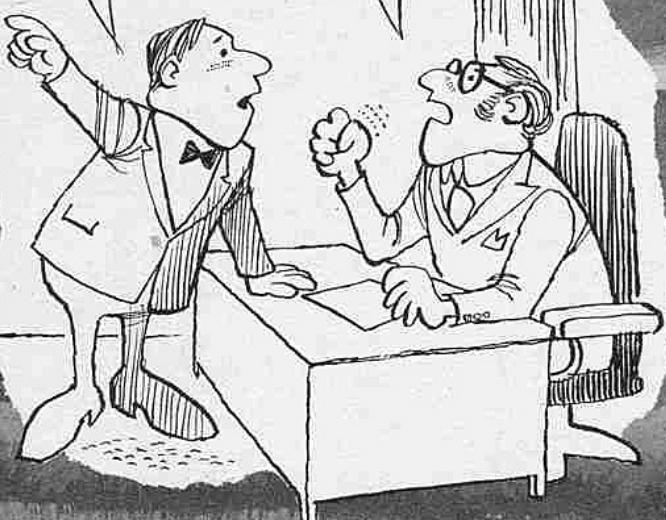


The dining room staff just locked all the guests in, submitted a list of grievances to the chef, and set fire to the pantry!

If I told 'em once, I told 'em a thousand times—Don't hire college kids as waiters!

The air conditioning broke down in Room 227! It's sweltering in there! Shall I call a repair man?

No, I have a better idea! Throw a couple of bricks in a corner, and we'll advertise a free sauna bath!



We pride ourselves in our efficient Hotel Security Force! There hasn't been a robbery here in years!

Except when our guests check out and see their BILL!!

On the phone you told me there were five men to one girl!

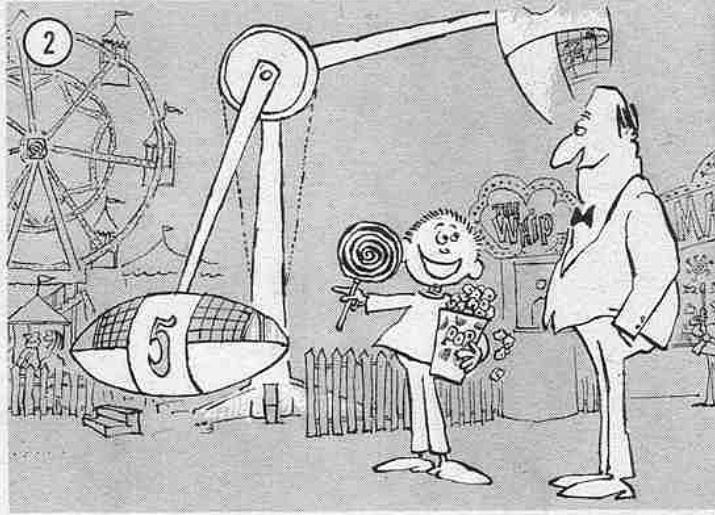
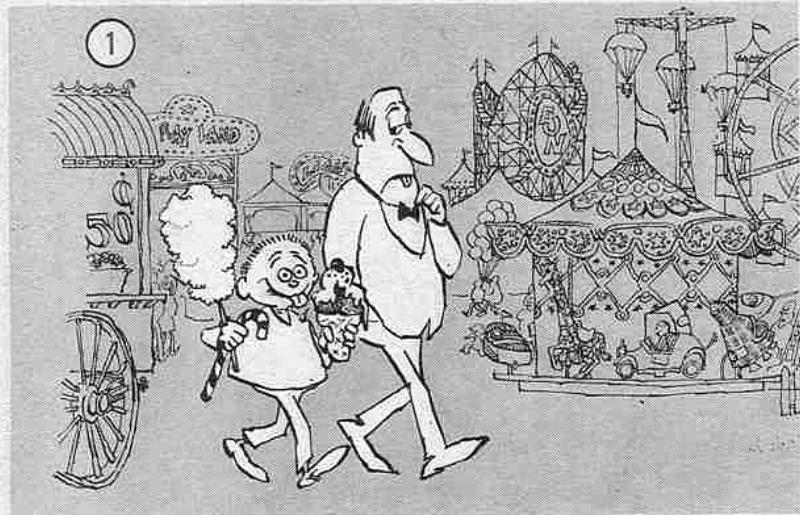
That's right! And those are the five men! Too bad you're not lucky enough to be the one girl!



Clarke

UP-CHUCKLES DEPT.

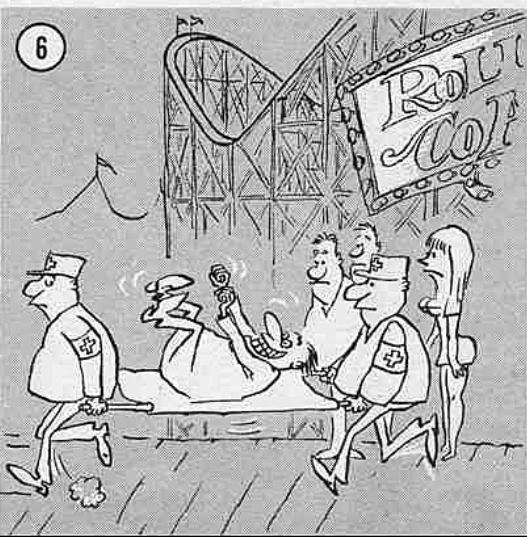
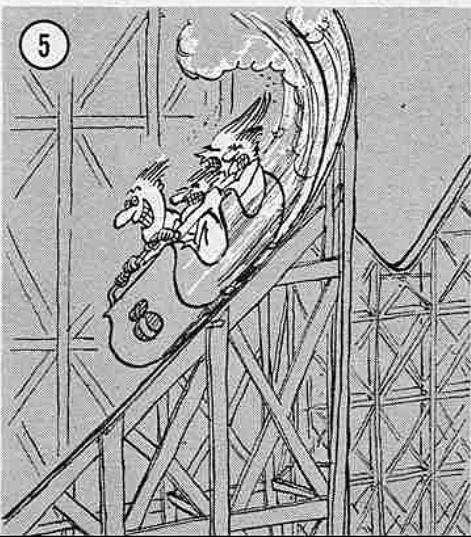
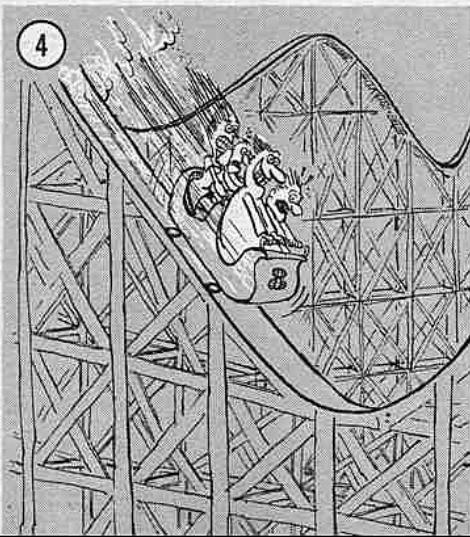
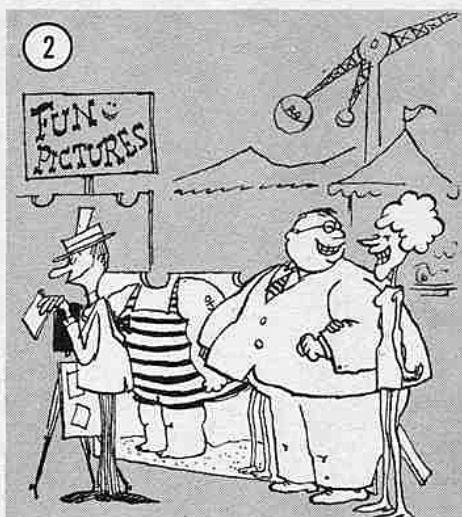
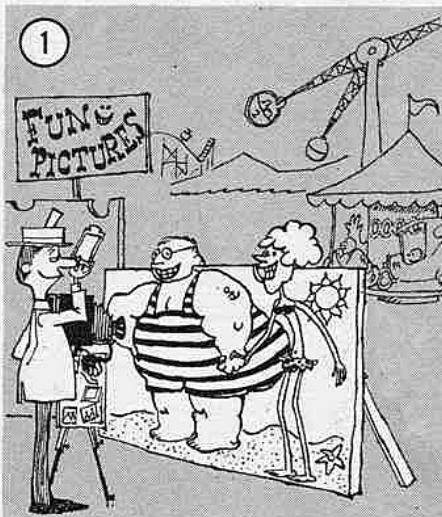
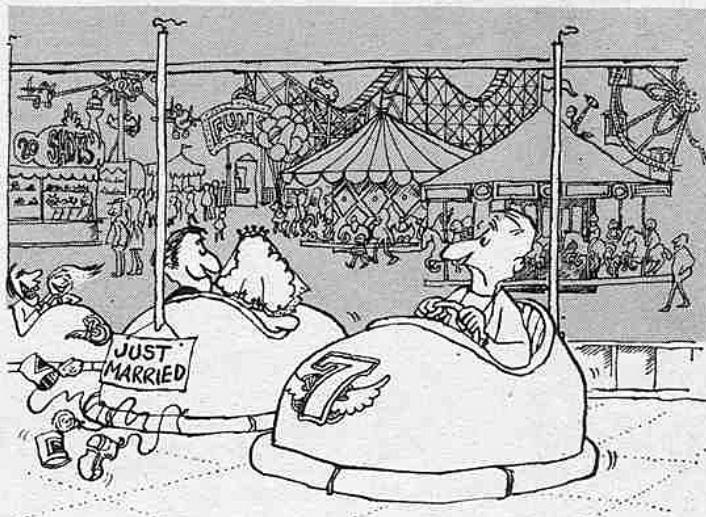
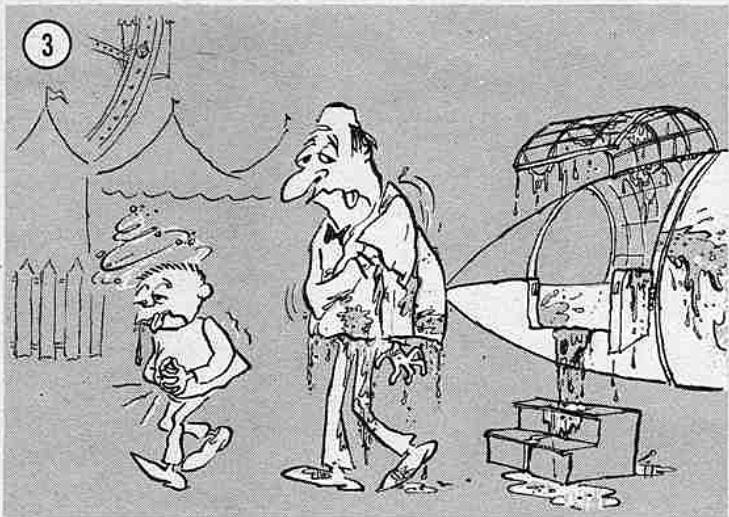
# A MAD LOOK AT AMUSEM

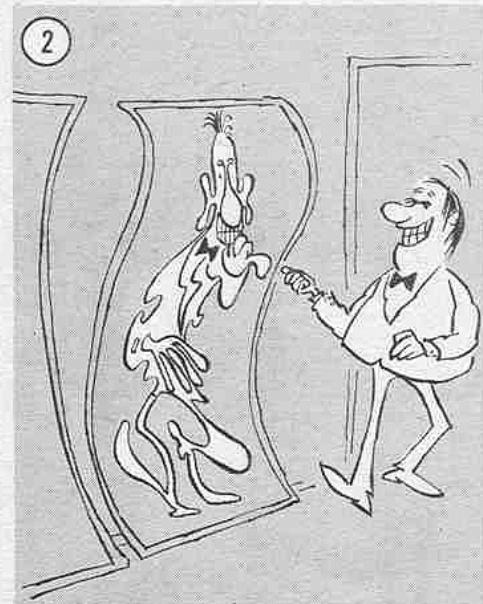
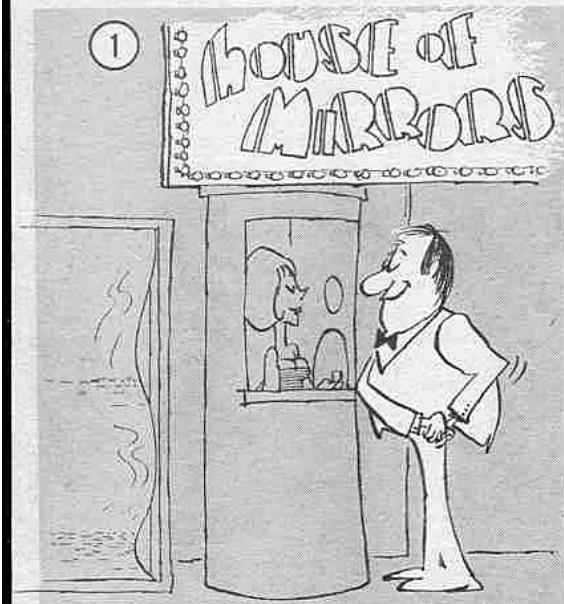
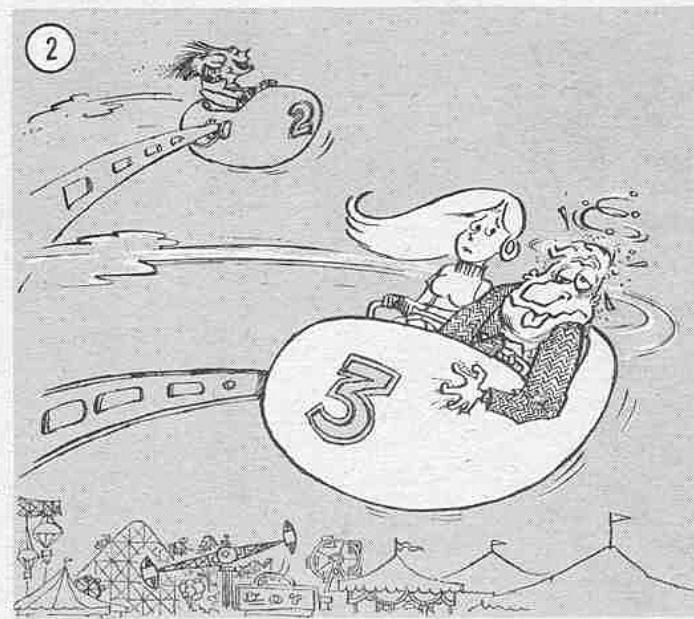
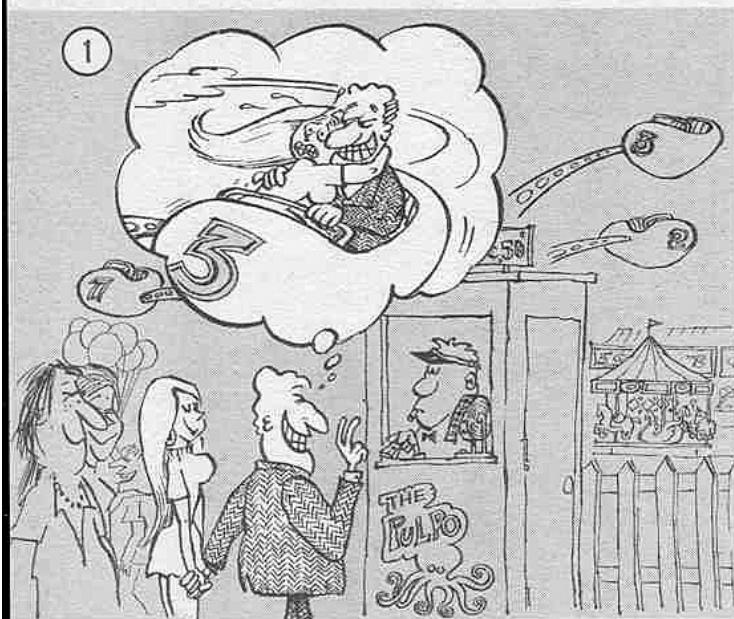
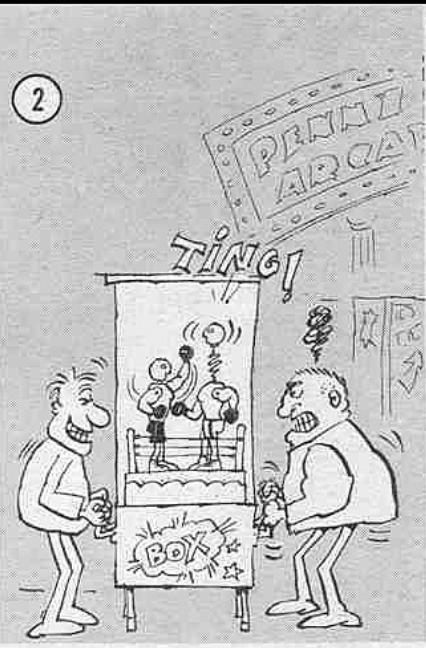
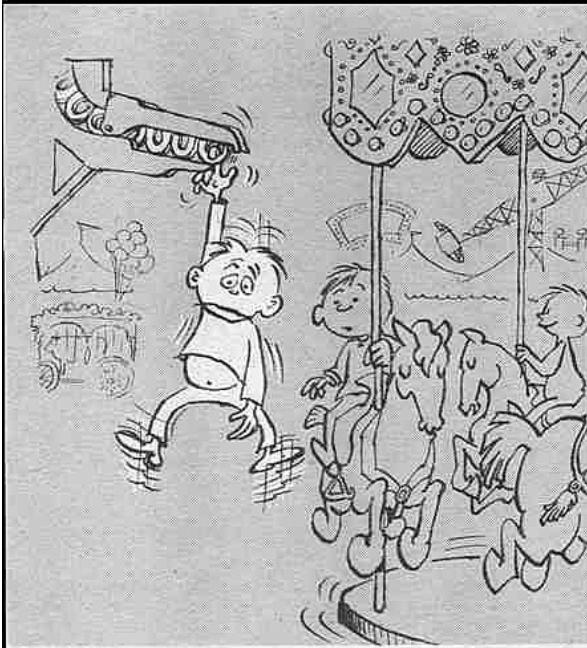


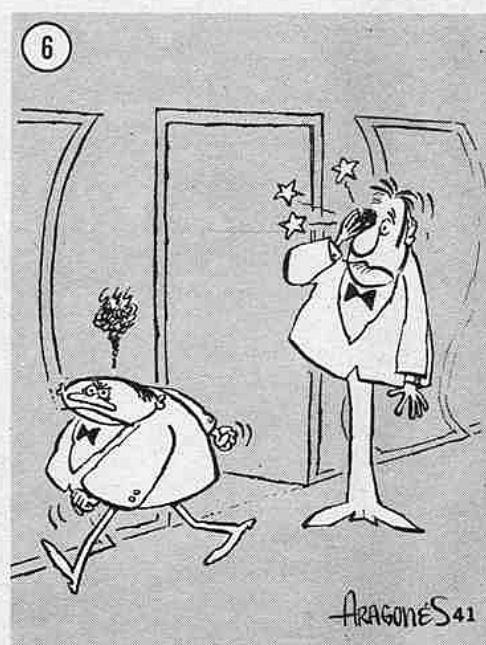
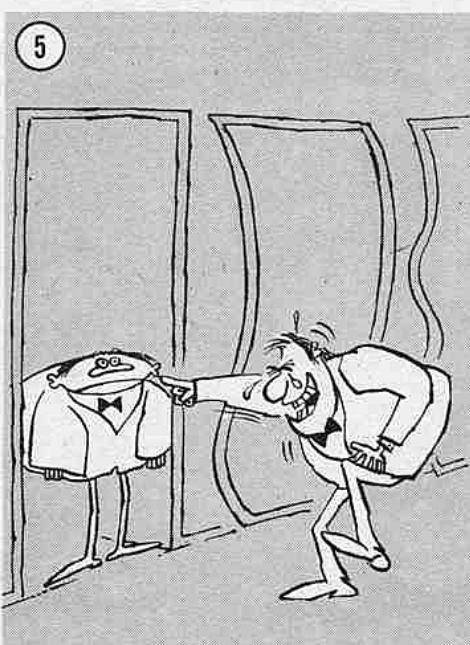
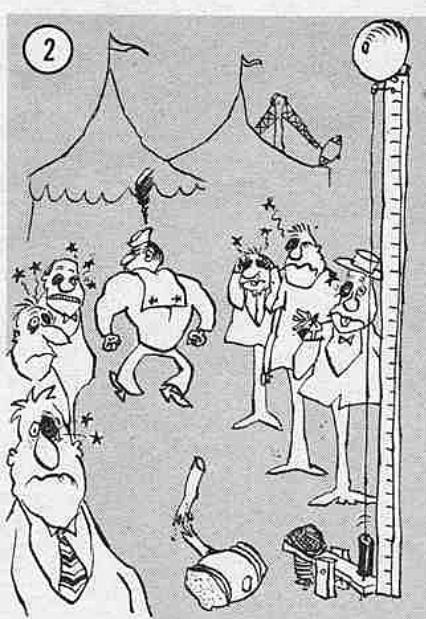
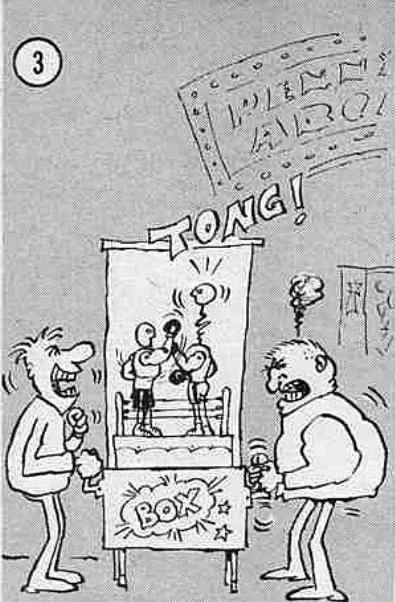
# ENT PARKS



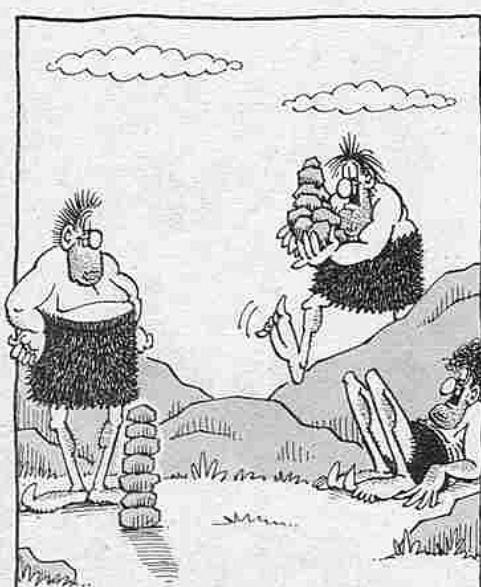
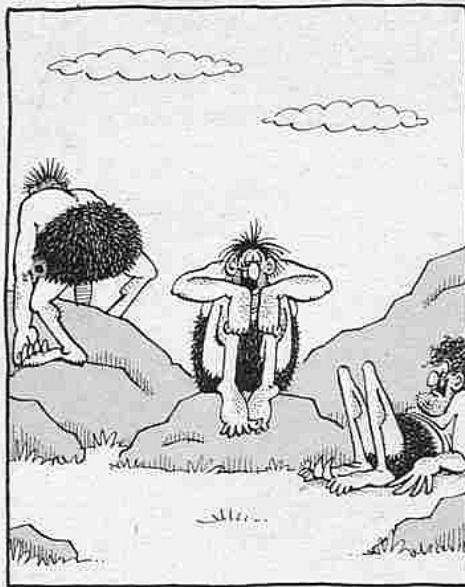
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







# ONE FINE DAY A MILLION YEARS AGO



OPENED SESAME DEPT.

No one can fault the success of teaching children basic things in entertaining ways, and the television series "Sesame Street" does it better than most. Unfortunately, it helps little Johnny to read—but not between the lines! What we need is a television show that will prepare our youth for what really lies ahead, a program like

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

MAD's

# REALITY STREET

Crummy day...  
Smoggy sky's charcoal gray!  
On my way past where  
the bullies meet...  
Is there a way to avoid,  
To avoid Reality Street?

What a life...  
Everywhere's doom and strife!  
Hostile neighbors shout,  
They're down and out!  
Is there a way to escape,  
To escape Reality Street?

It's a street of depression,  
Corruption, oppression!  
It's a sadist's dream  
come true!  
And masochists too!  
People who like a...

Crummy day!  
Smoggy sky's charcoal gray!  
We're on the avenue  
of defeat...  
Is there a way to evade,  
To evade Reality Street?



Hi, cats! My name is Gorgon, and this portion of Reality Street is brought to you by the letter P . . .

Now, the letter P stands for:  
Please  
Pardon  
Polite . . .  
Words that are all just about Passé!

Pusher

Puff

Psychedelic

Physician

Peaceful

Poacher

Prolific

Population

Now that last one, Pill, can be replaced by Pope if there's any objection! But before we go over to Curt and Ornery, let's take a Pregnant Pause . . .

Hey, Ornery, you said you would teach me how to tell time today! And not that "big hand on the 12, little hand on the 7" stuff, either!

Okay! We'll start with some easy ones! What time does a 9:00 o'clock plane leave the airport?

That's simple! 9:00 o'clock!

You're simple! A 9:00 o'clock plane will leave at 11:00, if you're lucky!

What time does a train scheduled to arrive at 9:00 actually arrive?

11:00 o'clock?  
A.M. or P.M.?

Gee, this is tougher than I thought!

Don't worry, you'll catch on. Now let's take another true-to-life situation! You are invited to a party. The card says 8:30 P.M. What time do you make your entrance, Curt?

Not 8:30?

No, 8:30 is the time you start to get dressed! You should arrive no earlier than 9:30!!

But suppose they really wanted me there at 8:30?!

Then, silly, they would have asked you to come at 7:30!

I think I'd better go back to the big hand and the little hand bit, Ornery . . .

Okay, we'll come back to it later . . .

When's later?

That's your next lesson! In reality, "later" can mean weeks, months, or even years from now, but more often than not, the word later means never!

Wouldn't it be more honest just to come out and say "never"?

Honest, yes, but smart no! On **Reality Street** you have to keep one step ahead of the next guy, and the way to do it is by sincere insincerity!

Can you lend me 10 bucks?

Sure! When'll you pay me back?

Later!

You're learning, Curt, you're learning!

Oh, hi, cake monster! How about a piece of delicious cake I just bought in the store?

Ugh . . . tummy ache . . . pain . . . bad news . . . ugh . . . no more cake!

Tummy ache? From cake? With all those healthy ingredients?

Just . . . ugh! read label . . . pain . . .

Contains emulsifiers, reconstituted dry milk, imitation color, sodium benzoate, glycerine . . .

Ugh . . . suffering . . . pain . . .

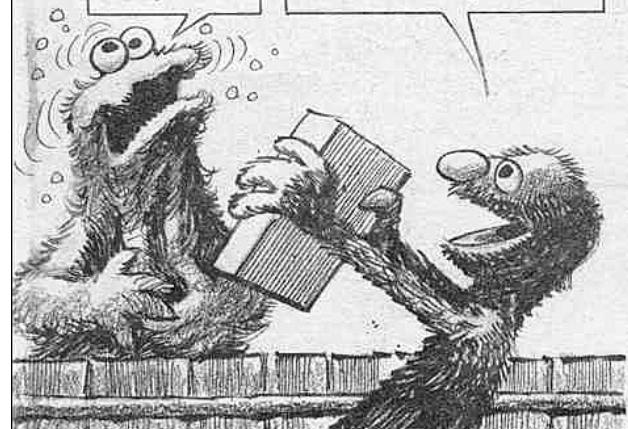
. . . sodium propionate, monosodium glutamate, potassium sorbate . . . lecithin and vanillin . . .

Enough ...  
Enough!  
Belly hurt ...  
taste yecch ...

Oh, cake monster, it's all in  
your mind! It still tastes  
good! See what it says on the  
label? Artificially flavored!

This portion of Reality Street  
is brought to you by the number  
**FIVE** ...

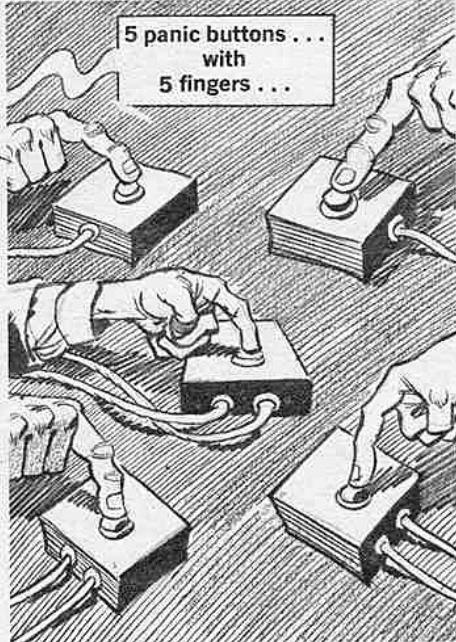
5 countries ...  
with  
5 H-bombs ...



5 leaders ...  
with  
5 different opinions ...

5 panic buttons ...  
with  
5 fingers ...

5 easy pieces!



What are you  
doing, Ookie?

Did you find a better place  
than your garbage can?

Moving!

Bigger and better.

Where?



Right on the street! Anyone like me who prefers the comfort  
of garbage and filth can live like a king in today's cities!



Hi! I'm Dirty Bird, and now it's time to count like the government counts . . . ready? Okay, Military! One million, two billion, three trillion, four zillion! That's called escalation of numbers!

Military  
1 million  
2 billion  
3 trillion  
4 zillion

\$

Now it's time for cutting down! Okay, now, tighten your belts and begin on education! Four million, three thousand, two hundred, one! That's it! Bye!

Education  
4 million  
3 thousand  
2 hundred

1

\$

Hey, Curt,  
what's that  
you have?

A toy  
telephone,  
Scary!

Gee, it looks  
just like a  
real phone!

It works just like a  
real one, too! Watch!  
Dial my number—4448!

This is  
fun!  
4-4-4-8 . . .



I'm sorry, but your  
call did not go  
through! Be sure you  
are dialing correctly!  
Hang up and dial  
again! Thank you!

Try  
again,  
Scary!

Okay . . .  
4-4-  
4-8

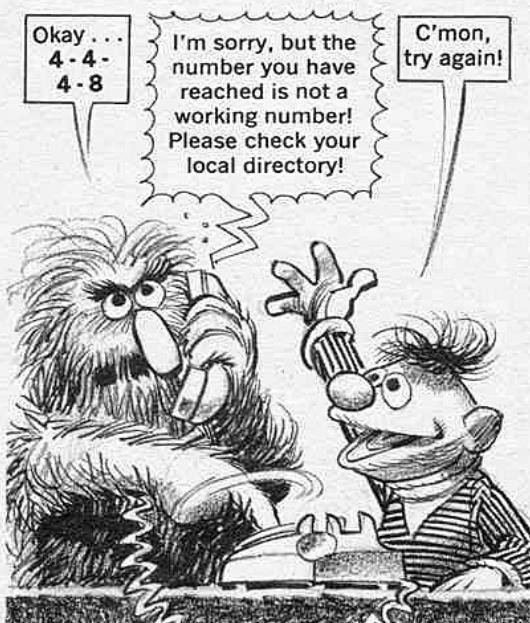
I'm sorry, but the  
number you have  
reached is not a  
working number!  
Please check your  
local directory!

C'mon,  
try again!

All right, Curt,  
but this isn't  
as much fun as  
I thought it  
would be!  
4-4-  
4-8

I'm sorry, but  
all the circuits  
are busy at this  
time! Please  
try again later.  
Thank you!

Great,  
huh?



Great? Why, I tried 3 times and couldn't get you once!

That's what makes this toy phone so real! If you did get me it would spoil everything!

Well, it looks like we've run out of time for today! But we'll be back tomorrow to bring you another ...

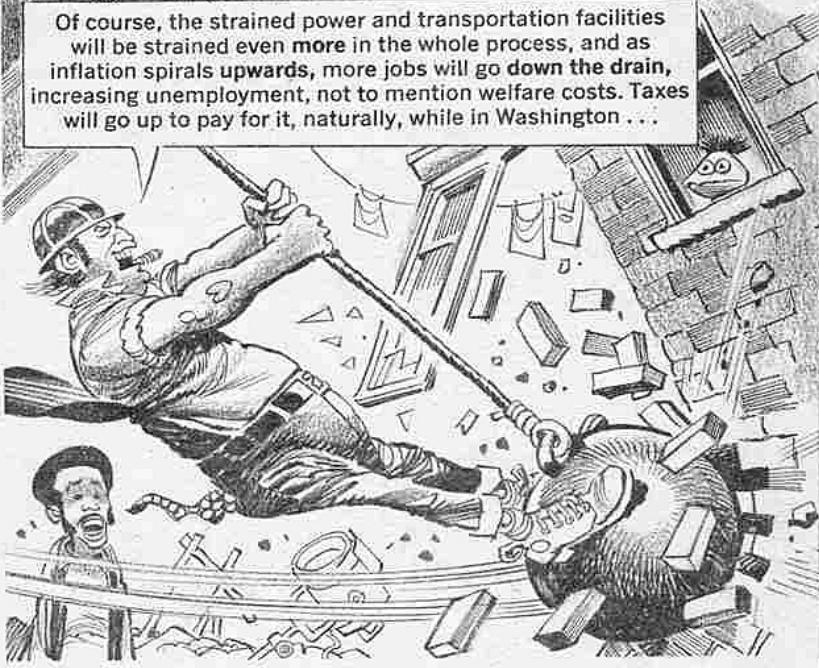
Fat chance, buddy! We're here to knock this set down!

But you can't do that! This is Reality Street, especially constructed to show our young people about life today!



So we'll help you, Mac! We'll start by ripping half of it down! Then we'll go on strike and leave everything in such a mess that no one can use it while union chiefs, bosses, and mediators argue and get nowhere for months! They'll finally settle for a raise which will be more than we deserve, which'll send everyone else out on strike for raises just to keep even with us ...

Of course, the strained power and transportation facilities will be strained even more in the whole process, and as inflation spirals upwards, more jobs will go down the drain, increasing unemployment, not to mention welfare costs. Taxes will go up to pay for it, naturally, while in Washington ...



Enough! Enough! I get the point! But you still didn't tell me why they're taking Reality Street down! Do they need the space for a library? A park? A hospital?

Are you kidding? This site is being cleared for a new munitions development plant!



Get the picture, kiddies?



WHAT'S ALWAYS  
BEEN THE  
FAVORITE  
METHOD FOR  
CAMOUFLAGING  
MILITARY  
ACTIVITY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS  
**MAD FOLD-IN**

Throughout history, military experts have devised many clever means for concealment of wartime actions. But the best and most effective way is still the old way. To see just what it is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



WHENEVER TROOPS CAMOUFLAGE SOME MILITARY SITE  
THEY ALWAYS TRY TO BLEND THEMSELVES IN  
WITH SURROUNDINGS, AVOIDING COLORS THAT CLASH

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

A►

◀B

# THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE METROPOLIS

